

# THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,990, Vol. 76.

December 16, 1893.

Registered for  
Transmission abroad.

Price 6d.

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## CHRONICLE.

**ON** Wednesday the PRINCE OF WALES and the Duke of YORK opened a new school on the site of the Clerkenwell House of Detention.

**In Parliament.** Lord DUDLEY's and certain minor amendments to the Employers' Liability Bill came before the House of Lords yesterday week. The first (with Lord DENBIGH's substitution of a two-thirds for a bare majority as the criterion) and the more important of the others were adopted, and the Bill thereby turned into a tolerable, if not a perfect, piece of legislation. There was only one division, in which the crucial part of Lord DUDLEY's Amendment was carried by 148 to 28, numbers which insufficiently represented; decisive as they were, the weight of argument in the debate, while four Gladstonian peers voted with the majority. Beggarly as is the figure which the Government advocates generally out in the Upper House, it was now at its beggarliest. Only two Ministers rose, and, while Lord RIPON practically said nothing but that it would be rather difficult to work the amendment, Lord HERSCHELL indulged in attorneyisms, listened to by Lord SALISBURY hushed in grim repose, and then torn to shreds by him in speech.

**In the Commons.** In the Commons the COBB Amendment still formed the subject of debate, but the end was not yet. It brought out, however, the meaning of the Government more clearly than ever. When a testator leaves money in trust to the officers of any Nonconformist sect he means what he says; when he leaves it in trust to the officers of the Church of England he doesn't. The Parish Councils Bill debate was, however, broken off early that a Bill for an Indian loan of ten millions—or, rather, the resolution preparatory to such a Bill—might be introduced. This was done, though with rather grave protests from Mr. GOSCHEN and others.

The *Saturday* sitting was conducted by the Government on the most approved principles of "keeping in," no instructions having been given for dinner, in hopes to starve as well as to imprison the House into getting on with the Parish Councils Bill. The sitting actually lasted till half-past eight, in spite of more than one protest from Mr. BALFOUR. The COBB

Amendment was, in a manner, forced through; but only in a manner, for the battle of "definition" remained, with other important possible modifications, and Mr. FOWLER promised at least one concession, postponing the alienation of some Trusts for thirty years. But the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD fell into a trap very neatly laid for him by expressing "amazement" on an amendment of Mr. HANBURY's aiming at protection of Roman Catholic endowments. "Roman Catholic and other denominational charities," he said, "were outside the Bill." Precisely. The Bill, we knew, intends to rob the Church of England and leave the sects untouched; but we did not quite expect Mr. FOWLER to confess it in so many words.

After some minor business (including the slight consolation to Mr. LABOUCHERE of an intimation that the Government do not approve of Dr. JAMESON's agrarian proceedings) in the House of Commons on *Monday*, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT moved a communication to the French Chamber, expressing the sentiments of the House on the VAILLANT incident, which was approved *nem. con.* A rather warm discussion then took place on the Betterment business, the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER hardening his heart once more, and thereby drawing on a motion for adjournment by Sir JOHN LUBBOCK. In the debate on this, the extreme inexpediency and obvious motive of the Government conduct in the matter were freely pointed out, especially by Mr. BALFOUR. The adjournment itself was only negated by 38. Nor was the attitude of the Opposition less firm on the Parish Councils Bill, where the 13th or Charity Clause was only carried after an extension of Mr. FOWLER's term of grace from 30 to 40 years, and then with some extremely plainspoken valedictory remarks from the Tory leader, denouncing the "absolute breach of most solemn engagements" of which the Government had been guilty.

**In the House of Lords on Tuesday** Lord KIMBERLEY proposed, and Lord SALISBURY approved, a communication to the French Chamber similar to that which the Lower House had previously dispatched; attention was called to some of the oppressive proceedings of the Education Department, which, under its present administration, is rapidly becoming a public nuisance; and Lord TEYNHAM brought forward the Unemployed, to match Mr. KEIR HARDIE's action in the House below.

**Commons.** Mr. KEIR HARDIE's own motion on adjournment, on the same subject, came before the Commons, and was rejected by a majority of five or six to one. Mr. BUXTON had previously been able to quiet Mr. LABOUCHERE'S alarms a little by assuring him that Dr. JAMESON had already been warned against amateur "town-shipping," and a discussion was also engaged in on the state of the navy. All this postponed the Parish Councils Bill considerably; but when the debate on it was reached a layer of uncontentious clauses enabled comparatively rapid progress to be made till, on the sixteenth, fighting began again as to the custody of the parish books.

On Wednesday, in the House of Commons, the afternoon was given up to the Indian Loan Bill, which was closed through just in time. The debate was expert and dignified. Its most important feature was a thorough and hostile examination of the scheme by Mr. GOSCHEN, under a running fire of interruptions from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

**Lords.** In the House of Lords on Thursday Lord SALISBURY surprised the innocent Lord KIMBERLEY by wanting to know about public business, and by making some strong remarks on the unprecedented and inconvenient character of the present state of things. The Employers' Liability Bill was read a third time, and the LORD CHANCELLOR reported to the House that he had duly communicated its message to the President of the French Chamber.

**Commons.** Much of the time of the Commons also was occupied with a pretty sharp discussion on the intention of the Government to adjourn over Christmas—not, indeed, to Boxing Day itself, but from Friday to Wednesday only, thereby giving the House of Commons exactly the same holiday as the usual linendraper's apprentice, for no better reasons than that the Government has thrown six years' work into one year's programme, and hopes by persistence, if not to get measures through, at least to raise a cry against the Lords. Mr. BALFOUR described the state of things justly, and the Closure being imposed by the usual paid majority of the Government, who are bound to attend and vote for their wages, a little progress at the tail of the evening was made with the Parish Councils Bill. Mr. GLADSTONE had earlier announced a set fight on the Navy question for Tuesday.

**Politics out of Parliament.** The preparations for the Accrington and Brighton elections (the latter brought about by the retirement of Sir WILLIAM MARRIOTT) were active at the beginning of the present week. This, no doubt, had no connexion with the generous tone in which the chief Gladstonian newspapers denounced the Paris explosion. But it was opportune that they did so; for Englishmen are very stupid, and it was just possible that some of them might say, "These Gladstonians are hand-and-glove on one side with the Irish Nationalists, and on the other with the extremer Labour party, whose methods are identical with those of VAILLANT. We don't like VAILLANT. Let us vote against the Gladstonians." The purely fortuitous utterances of the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle* will, no doubt, dispel this delusion—except in the case of obstinate persons who will still say to themselves, "What is there exactly to choose between VAILLANT, of the first part; DALY and GALLAGHER, those heroes of the Nationalists, of the second; and the enthusiastic advocates of a minimum wage who tried to blow up a public-house in Lancashire the other day for that it entertained non-Unionist men, of the third?"

On Tuesday Mr. KEIR HARDIE and Lord TEYNHAM

were supported by a procession of Unemployed with red flags and smoking freely—the latter an excellent employment in its way, but not indicative of actual destitution; the former things which we venture to think should not be allowed in the streets of London. They, very much to the delay and inconvenience of the Employed, marched from Tower Hill by the Holborn route to Hyde Park, where they were thoroughly soured with rain, and then back again. The march out was orderly enough; that home became riotous, and had to be twice dispersed by the police. A great meeting was held at the Cannon Street Hotel by the London Chamber of Commerce to consider the state of our naval defences. It was presided over, in the absence of the LORD MAYOR, by Sir ALBERT ROLLIT, and addressed by divers speakers, of whom the chief was Lord ROBERTS.

It was said in the middle of the week that the Gladstonians would not contest Brighton. At Accrington, where Mr. LEESE was whining in a very undignified way at having, "under an obsolete law" (is this the spirit in which he is going to administer justice?), to defend his seat, a Socialist Labour candidate had been chosen; but it was not certain how serious this candidate might be. The Railway Rates Commission issued their report on Wednesday in a tone rather hostile to the Companies.

Mr. BRUCE WENTWORTH, the Tory candidate, was elected unopposed for Brighton on Thursday. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke slashingly at Braintree on the tactics of the Government; and a deputation from the Aborigines Protection Society waited on Lord RIPON in reference to Matabeleland.

**Foreign and Colonial Affairs.** The news of this day week included a manifesto from Admiral SALDANHA DA GAMA, a recent recruit of Admiral DE MELLO'S, and his substitute since the insurgent leader sailed from Rio—a manifesto couched in terms unquestionably monarchical. Signor ZANARDELLI having been unequal to the occasion in Italy, it was said that the KING had at last sent for Signor CRISPI. Dr. JAMESON reported himself as forming townships in Matabeleland—by whose authority he did not mention.

Monday's papers were full of the latest "Anarchist outrage," the throwing of a bomb charged with an explosive of the picric-acid group and horse-nails in the French Chamber, fortunately with no fatal result, but with cuts and bruises, many of them serious, to more than two score people, "a rain of something hard" on the sacred head of the *Times*' Correspondent himself, and the dashing of the ink from his omnipotent inkstand. The Chamber, on recovering from the stunning effect of this, was *très digne*, M. DUPUY, himself wounded by the flying nails, saying, "Gentlemen, the sitting continues." M. DE MONTFORT, the next speaker, continued unmoved. M. CASIMIR-PERIER, in his quality of Prime Minister, observed, "There are in this country laws. They are in our care. We shall apply them." The scoundrel who threw the bomb, a certain VAILLANT, appears to have been identified and caught.—In Egypt the preposterous attempt to boycott the British Agent and close his doors to members of the Legislative Council had been formally disavowed by the Ministry. The Upper House of the Reichsrath in Austria had passed a Bill protecting copyright between that country and Great Britain. Signor CRISPI had undertaken the by no means light task of forming a Ministry and tackling the finances in Italy. There was to be an extradition treaty between England and Argentina at last, but, of course, not, as some had assumed, a retrospective one.

The French Government took little time in formulating measures against the Anarchists, and Tuesday morning brought the news of the debate on the first of a batch of Bills dealing with the subject. Thus

a Press Bill was carried by 413 to 63, the considerable size of the minority showing that the Socialist and Extreme Radical parties had been less cowed by the indiscretion of their advance guard than might have been expected. The hero of the debate was the celebrated M. DELONCLE, who announced that "an outrage to national sovereignty is not an incident." A Yellow-book on the Mekong Buffer State question had been published, showing a sensible and correct attitude on both sides. There had been some serious rioting, with not a little loss of life, both in Sicily and Italy.

It was told on Wednesday how, in the French Chamber the day before, M. DUPUY had been engaged in reciting congratulations or condolences (whichever they are to be called) from that of the House of Commons downwards. There was not much other news of any importance.

The now frequent report of LOBENGULA's capture had been repeated on Wednesday, but Thursday morning brought very different intelligence of the surprise and danger (owing to a Matabele ambush and the sudden rising of the Shangani river) of Major FORBES's advanced guard. The Egyptian Legislative Council (the explanation of the sudden prominence of which is simply that it has been got at by the French party) had been making some absurd plans of retrenchment. There was chance of a peaceful settlement at Melilla between the Moors and the Spaniards. By the way, we wish the *Times* would not talk of "the Chafarina Islands." Those immortal rocks became "the Zaffarine Isles" for all time, in English, when Mr. Midshipman EASY learnt Spanish there from the ground-sharks. M. TRICOUPI had made some bankruptcy—or, at least, composition—proposals in Greece; and the French Ambassador had been entertained at a grand banquet in St. Petersburg.

Matabele news was again rather black yesterday morning, Major FORBES himself having been attacked with some loss, and Captain WILSON not yet got out.

**The Royal Academy.** At the Academy prize-giving this day week Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON delivered a very learned, judicious, and interesting address on German Art, especially architecture.

**London Government.** In the Common Council, on Monday, it was agreed to appear before the Royal Commission on Unification, but only by a small majority, a considerable section evidently preferring complete abstention.

A good deal was heard at the London County Council meeting of Tuesday about the scandals of the Fire Brigade Committee, which were palliated, but practically admitted, to a great extent by Commissary-General DOWNES. The Council then gave a fresh taste of its quality by proposing to enter into competition with the Insurance Companies, and establish a Fire Insurance department of its own. It is fair to say, however, that the Committee for considering the desirableness of this most undesirable project was only voted by a majority of one.

**The Miners' Con-** The ROSEBERY Conciliation Board met for the first time on Wednesday; but in four hours' discussion was unable to conciliate itself into agreement on a Chairman. The selection will, therefore, fall to the SPEAKER, as a recreation during that fit of influenza from which, we are sorry to say, he is suffering.

**Football.** Oxford defeated Cambridge at football under Rugby Union rules on Wednesday by a try to nothing.

**The Law Courts.** NORA DRISCOLL, a seamstress, yesterday week obtained 150*l.* damages from an East-End newspaper for imputing suspicions of murder against her.

That very remarkable magistrate Mr. BODKIN, of the Highgate bench, had an opportunity of embellishing the Ideal of a Judicial Person which he had already drawn in the washerwoman case last Monday. The "Court missionary" to whom the case (and the seven-teen-and-sixpence) had been entrusted brutally reported that the characters of the persons concerned "would not bear investigation." Thereupon the reader, doubtless, thinks that Mr. BODKIN "confounded himself in excuses" to the Rev. Mr. MILES? Not at all. "Mr. BODKIN said it was a pity that Mr. MILES did not state as much at the hearing!"

The Ardlamont murder case began at Edinburgh on Tuesday.

In the ZIERENBERG affair, which was at last decided on Wednesday, what is rather unfairly called Mr. LABOUCHERE's luck in libel cases was constant to him. Rather unfairly, we say; for the result of unremitting, intelligent, and enthusiastic practice cannot be called luck. In this instance, at any rate, nobody need find fault with a verdict for the defendant, and everybody must hope that there is now no place like Home in the ZIERENBERG sense. The HARNES case has been resumed.

**Correspondence.** There was much writing at the end of last week and the beginning of this on Betterment, the Duke of ARGYLL and Mr. CHARLES HARRISON being the protagonists.—A discussion of some acrimony has also arisen between Sir EDMUND DUCANE and Mr. Justice GAINSFORD BRUCE (with assistants) in reference to the well-known St. Giles's thieves' suppers. We own that our sympathies in this matter are with Sir EDMUND; nor do we think the Judge's retort—that Sir EDMUND once himself presided at these feasts—a very judicial one. "You know the subject, so your mouth is closed on it." Is that the principle?—Mr. CURZON entered the lists with Lord DUNMORE on Thursday as to the source of the Oxus.—Yesterday morning Lord FARRER defended his contracting-out vote on the Employers' Liability Bill; and Sir JOSEPH PEASE—a PORTHOS without the romance—tried to lift and found "trop lour" the crushing weight of evidence against his ruinous anti-Opium fad.

**The Gale.** After some minor revivals of stormy weather, an extraordinary gale—which at times blew almost up to recognised hurricane strength, and which in London, at least, was like one very prolonged squall of wind and rain—passed over the West and South of England on Tuesday. It drowned several blue-jackets at Plymouth on their way to their ship, blew off the roof of Portsmouth Harbour Station, and did a vast deal of miscellaneous damage; but not improbably saved trouble with the unemployed procession in London.

**Miscellaneous.** A statue to Dr. JOULE, the physicist, was unveiled at Manchester yesterday week.

The Scotch coal strike ended this day week by a complete surrender on the part of the men.

The Anarchists, in Trafalgar Square, attempted to meet again last Sunday, but with no success. Indeed, the spectators appeared to have been strongly against these amiable persons, and to have exhibited an irregular, but not wholly unhealthy, desire to duck them in the fountains.

The Actors' Benevolent Fund had a very successful dinner on Monday night, when Mr. BURDETT-COUTTS presided; the Duke of TECK, Lord MORRIS, the Dean of ROCHESTER, and others attended; Mr. BEERBOHM TREE responded for the Stage, and a very handsome sum of money was collected.

Serious explosions, with loss of life in each case, happened at Waltham Abbey and at Plymouth Harbour works on Wednesday.

**Obituary.** Sir GEORGE ELVEY, for many years organist at Windsor, was one of the best known of the older school of English musicians.—Admiral Sir JOHN CORBETT had done long and excellent service, seeing not a little actual fighting in early days on the West Coast of Africa and the China Station.—Dr. DOKITCH, tutor to King ALEXANDER of Servia, Prime Minister of that kingdom till he was prostrated by illness a week or two ago, and chief agent in the almost unbelievably theatrical *coup d'état* in which his pupil displaced the Regents, appears to have been a man of considerable ability, and a real loss to his country.

#### THE STATE OF PUBLIC BUSINESS.

IT may, perhaps, be remembered that shortly after the close of the last election Mr. GLADSTONE consoled his chagrined followers by reminding them, with proofs drawn from the records of his long Parliamentary experience, that a majority of forty or so was a very good "working" one after all. It was respectfully pointed out to him at the time that there were majorities and majorities, and that, though all of the same numerical strength might resemble one another in glory, they were not, to put it mildly, all equally handy. Nor was this criticism founded only on the fact—not, however, an unimportant one—that the gallant forty were liable in this case to have a *minus* sign prefixed to their respectable names at whatever moment it might suit a party of some eighty members of Parliament who don't—or that time didn't—want to be members of it at all, to withdraw their valued support. The criticism of Mr. GLADSTONE's observation had a broader basis than this. It was founded not merely on the fact that the majority might at any time find one particular solid piece broken off it, but that it was hardly less liable to crack and split up in three or four other places. Already in the course of a single Session there have been threatening signs of fissure here and there; but so far the danger has been escaped. The very mixed Ministerialist party has held together sufficiently to prevent Ministers from being driven from office; but they have achieved this feat in only such a way as to suggest the necessity of re-examining a familiar Parliamentary term. What is the meaning of a "working majority"? If, in defiance of itself, a majority which can keep a Ministry alive so long as it does not try to work, then the expression suits Mr. GLADSTONE's motley following "down to the ground," as the saying is. But if it means anything more than this—if a working majority is one which "works" after any other fashion than that of a railway-engine wheel revolving without forward motion on slippery "metals"—then we cannot resist the desolating conclusion that Mr. GLADSTONE's working majority does not work at all.

Here, however, we must part company with the parallel of the railway-engine, since it certainly cannot be said of the stationary Gladstonian "locomotive" that its immobility is due to insufficient friction. The phenomenon is quite easily explained in another manner. Nothing will keep the various discordant or mutually indifferent sections of Mr. GLADSTONE's party together save the imminent dread of defeat on some question declared by Ministers to be "of confidence." This danger removed, they immediately set to work, one or other of them, to force the hand of the Government, and thereby to bring to nought all the judicious Ministerial plans for the advance of their measures. Ministers are too weak to resist; and, having yielded, become desperate. The slightest turn of the screw on the part of these Extremists brings them to their knees; and when they rise from that posture it is only to dash with gratuitous recklessness along the path

into which they have been kicked. Never, not even in the Home Rule debates themselves, has the essential helplessness of the Government, and the desperation to which it leads, been more strikingly illustrated than during the last ten days. Over-unctuous as were the professions of brotherly love with which the PRESIDENT of the LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD moved the second reading of the Parish Councils Bill, there is no reason to suppose that they were wholly insincere in themselves, and certainly there is every ground for believing that they were genuinely intended, both by him and by the Government, for whom he acted as spokesman, to conciliate the Opposition and to smooth the passage of the Bill. It is not, of course, necessary to imagine that the Nonconformist head of the Local Government Board is particularly solicitous about the rights of the Church of England, or that much of that solicitude is felt generally by a body of Ministers who would be ready, we have no doubt, to disestablish the Church Triumphant if it was in their power, and they saw their way to sufficient profit from the transaction in the form of votes. But though Ministers may not care a straw for the Church or its rights, they care a great deal about passing Bills. They know, from the highest to the lowest of them, what their noisy young Radicals and Nonconformists—many of them without the smallest Parliamentary experience—have apparently no suspicion of—namely, that it has now become far more important to them to pass a big Bill—any big Bill, in any form, however discredibly moderate, and on any terms, however compromisingly fair, than to pass no big Bill at all. Animated by this conviction, they would in all probability have gone near enough to the fulfilment of Mr. FOWLER's conciliatory pledges to avert any vehement opposition to their Bill. No sooner, however, did the Nonconformist Radical show his teeth than the Government collapsed. Mr. FOWLER and his professions were incontinently thrown overboard; Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—that master of Parliamentary tactics, whom the official Gladstonian organ is never weary of praising for his skill and management—was put up to defy and browbeat the defenders of Anglican benefactions, and the whole forces of the Opposition have been rallied to the resistance of what has now become an undisguised attack upon the property and the rights of the Church of England. And thus a Bill which, as regards all but its Poor Law provisions, stood a fair chance of finding its way through the House of Commons in reasonable time, and without violent conflict, has been transformed into a project of sheer spoliation and oppression, which ought to be, and which will be, contested inch by inch. This is how Mr. GLADSTONE works or is worked by the "working majority," and this is the measure of its efficiency expressed in terms of Parliamentary work.

There is a certain air about the earnest Gladstonian which almost paralyses the conscientious critic with a doubt as to whether he is in presence of an almost sacred innocence or of an entirely brazen effrontery. This is seen at its best in the protests against "Obstruction" which fell the other night from two Gladstonians of such excellent repute as Mr. ROBERT REID and Sir GEORGE OSBORNE MORGAN. The latter, perhaps, is fairly entitled to the more charitable of the two interpretations. A resentful surprise at any sort of resistance on the part of the Church of England to spoliation is natural to him. When, instead of considering whether Church benefactions should be grabbed by Parish Councils according to Mr. COBB's patent process, or to that of some other gentleman, Conservative Churchmen are found fighting hard for the protection of their funds against either or any form of robbery, we have no doubt that the *vous vous*

*écarter de la question* rises instinctively to Sir GEORGE'S lips. The Churchman, like the chickens, seems to him to be wandering from the question as to how he should be cooked and eaten into the irrelevant thesis that he ought not to be served up at table at all. No wonder the learned gentleman was impatient; but the other learned gentleman has not the same excuse; and when Mr. REID ingenuously admits that the Government must pass some big Bill or another if they do not wish to be defeated at the next election, and still more ingenuously wonders what the country will think of the hesitation of Ministers to muzzle Obstruction, we cannot help wondering in our turn whether Mr. REID can have endeavoured for a moment to imagine what the proceedings in the House of Commons on the Parish Councils Bill really look like to the observer from outside. Was Mr. BALFOUR'S scathing review of them, in his short speech at the end of the discussion on the Thirteenth Clause, a purely partisan account of the matter, or is it such as would commend itself for strict accuracy to every impartial mind? Is it true, in other words, or is it not true, that the Government, having deliberately pledged themselves to respect Church endowments, and having proceeded smoothly and easily with their Bill as long as their pledge was observed, turned suddenly round at the command of their Radicals, and not only permitted, but headed, a predatory attack upon the object of their professed respect? And if this is true, and not untrue, then is the charge of Obstruction preferred against those who resent and resist to the last this insolent breach of faith a well-founded and reasonable charge, or is it a shameful outrage upon justice and a gross insult to the public intelligence?

It is, at any rate, pretty evident that, if the Government seriously contemplate a persistent attempt to conceal their disastrous failure in legislation by the fiction of an Obstructive Opposition, they will have their work cut out for them. Christmas is at little more than a week's distance, and there are still some fifty odd clauses of the Parish Councils Bill to be discussed. Nor can all the time at the disposal of the Government be devoted to that measure. There is the Employers' Liability Bill, returned to them with the Lords' amendments to be considered; and if Mr. ASQUITH'S rash defiance is to be made good, there are hot debates to come. Even if the Government yield, they can hardly do so without making some preliminary show of fight. There is the Navy debate and the Indian Loan Bill. Ministers have not quite executed their foolish and spiteful threat of compelling the House to sit on Boxing Day, and Saturday next with Monday and Tuesday is graciously allowed as an "interval for refreshment." January will be far advanced before the Councils Bill is ready to go to the Lords, and how the obligations of the next Session are to be met, unless the Government again docks the House of its holidays, no mortal knows. To such a pass have things been brought by the Cabinet of Genius which rules us and the "working majority" by which it is kept in impotent power.

#### THE FRENCH OUTRAGE.

THE most unexpected and encouraging feature of the Anarchist crime of last Saturday in Paris is the slight effect it has produced. The comparatively trifling extent of the material damage done is not in itself surprising. Scoundrels and nervous people who are frightened by their threats have both jumped too hastily to the conclusion that because modern explosives are very powerful, they may be expected to produce their full effect wherever they are let off. The explosions brought about by Irish patriots and Anarch-

ists of all nations have failed to do a tenth of the damage they were expected to effect, mainly because they have been let off at haphazard by rogues who were as cowardly as they were malignant. VAILLANT had some difficulty in keeping his courage at the sticking-point. At the actual moment of hurling his saucepanful of picric acid, prussiate of soda, cotton wadding soaked in sulphuric acid, and horse-shoe nails, he was flurried, and threw his infernal-machine so clumsily that it exploded where it could do the least harm. But, though the material effect produced is not surprisingly slight, there is some ground for astonishment that the moral effect has been so trifling. It would have appeared a matter of course if so nervous a body as the French Chamber had lost its head, and the Administration had been thrown into a panic. To its great credit, the Chamber did not give this satisfaction to the villains who were in hopes to cow it. The Deputies went on with the business in hand, and did not even lose the good old French faculty of putting things epigrammatically. The question before the Chamber, raised by the election of M. MIRMAN, a Socialist, was whether the return of a Deputy relieved him from military service. M. RIVET put the thing in a nutshell by saying that the Deputies were, it seemed, called upon to go under fire. The justice of the observation pleased the Chamber, which at once confirmed the return of M. MIRMAN. The immediate effect of VAILLANT'S act of war was to help that Deputy to his seat, and to give M. RIVET an opportunity to become immortal by a "mot." The Government has shown no sign of panic. It has only been stung into taking more effectual measures to deal with the Anarchist pest.

Very much of the credit due to the Chamber may be accounted for by the excellent example set by M. DUPUY, whose action was determined and courageous. General LEE was fond of holding up as an example the conduct of a member of the Massachusetts Legislature who, when a total eclipse of the sun had excited fears that the end of the world was at hand, and his colleagues were falling rather nervously to their prayers, called for candles because, if the Day of Judgment was at hand, he wished to be found in the discharge of his duty. M. DUPUY also was determined to be found in the discharge of his duty, and he could not by much thinking have hit upon a better means of keeping the Chamber steady than the simple course of sticking to the work in hand. His prompt appeal stopped the panic at the beginning, and enabled the Deputies to keep possession of their nerve. It will be strange, and not at all creditable to France, if the scene of last Saturday does not greatly increase the influence of M. DUPUY—nor will there be any ground for surprise if it makes him President of France, which two consequences of VAILLANT'S crime can hardly have been foreseen by the Anarchists. The Chamber is also entitled to the credit of having responded well to the appeal of its President. Characteristically enough, the only one of them who is reported to have shown panic was that advanced Socialist M. GUESDE. He and his fellows have always condoned crimes of this kind, even if they did not actually approve of them, on the ground that much is to be forgiven to the suffering people in their war upon the *bourgeoisie*. When M. GUESDE found himself in the position of the warred-upon *bourgeois*, and remembered that his daughter was in the gallery of the House, he screamed in terror. The contrast between the conduct of this ranter and the coolness of M. DE MONTFORT, who had exactly the same reason for anxiety, makes a rather striking comment on the silly talk about the cowardice of the *bourgeoisie* and the courage of the "people," which may be heard not only from the Socialist spouters, but in the chatter of the smaller kind of writing-men in France and elsewhere.

VAILLANT has, we may hope at least, made the politicians in France understand the folly of paltering with the advocates of murder. The crimes of RAVACHOL so far startled them that a Bill was prepared by M. LOUBET to facilitate the prosecution and suppression of newspapers which make a business of inciting to outrage. It was dropped in the reaction of folly and sentiment which followed the first scare caused by the explosion in the Rue des Bons Enfants. On Monday it was reintroduced by M. CASIMIR-PERIER and passed at once. The Deputies have at last learnt, somewhat late for their honour, that the freedom of the Anarchist press serves nothing but the liberty of the Anarchist murderer. The most advanced Liberals have discovered that "Anarchism is not an opinion." M. CASIMIR-PERIER has been met with a certain amount of outcry among the Radicals, who, of course, have implored the Chamber to consult its dignity, and not to disgrace itself by legislating in a hurry. The Deputies have at last learnt to put a proper value on this cant. M. LOUBET'S Bill has been drafted for more than a year, and its provisions are perfectly well known. It gives the Courts power to issue an injunction against a paper which is accused of inciting to the commission of crime. Hitherto no effectual step could be taken to silence a paper between the bringing of the charge and the hearing of the case. In the interval the paper has been at liberty to repeat the offence, and as the delays of the French law are many, and the opportunities it affords for appeal are innumerable, proceedings against Anarchist prints have been a farce. This will now cease to be the case, and the change accounts for the fury of the Extreme Radical, Socialist, or semi-Socialist papers. They will now have to keep a check on their zeal, since if they provoke proceedings they will not merely secure an advertisement but incur suspension. One of the most comic features of their fury is their indignant denunciation of the meanness of M. CASIMIR-PERIER, who made the "urgency" of the Bill a question of confidence. By doing this he, so the Radicals complain, put the Chamber in a fix, because it must either pass the Bill or provoke an inconvenient Ministerial crisis. M. CASIMIR-PERIER, in fact, having a majority, was resolute in using it for a purpose not agreeable to the Radicals. This is, indeed, a change, and their anger is most intelligible.

If we could believe that the effect produced on the Deputies by anger and fear would be permanent, it would be possible to count on the formation of a stable majority in the Chamber. The danger is that this scare will be followed by a reaction, as in the case of RAVACHOL, when a spasm of energy was followed by a long revival of weakness. And yet the Deputies might surely have learnt by this time the folly of taking half measures with these criminals, and the worse than folly of treating them as other than vulgar, though dangerous, scoundrels. It was always silly, and has now really become imbecile, to treat the Anarchists with tenderness as merely misguided political fanatics. The excuse would be a miserable one in any case, but it looks beyond all words absurd in view of the evidence which has now accumulated as to the characters of these men. If the *bourgeoisie* has not parted with its senses, it will answer this plea by insisting that it cannot be wrong "wenn man euch Fliegengott, Verderber, Lügner heisst." All the Anarchists who have been caught have been found to be liars, cadgers, sturdy beggars, loafers, thieves, and vulgar cutthroats. RAVACHOL, PALLAS, and now VAILLANT, turn out to be simply very commonplace specimens of the mere criminal—too lazy to work, and by no means too proud to beg. If it were not so revolting, it would be laughable to hear scum of this order spoken of as men who have been driven to crime by suffering and fanaticism for a cause. Their cause is simply the

old quarrel of the conceited, lazy, and unscrupulous villain with any kind of orderly society. They being what they are, the character and position of their advocates can be matter for no kind of doubt. Newspapers, whether professedly Socialist or not, which are found condoning their offences are to be considered as on a level with persons who are found inciting to housebreaking or forgery. It is as absurd that they should be allowed to spout in Trafalgar Square, or to publish newspapers, as that the same privilege should be allowed to burglars or coiners. Coining vast quantities of false money would be one way of injuring the capitalist, and if a political motive can be pleaded for the murderer, and his instructor in the press, we fail to see why it may not be pleaded for the smasher. We have sinned considerably in the toleration of this nuisance. As yet we have been fortunate in escaping the consequence, but the House of Commons is no safer than the Chamber of Deputies. Our Anarchist ranters have taken to threatening reprisals if they are interfered with. In other words, they have threatened to commit murder. Is it impossible to teach them that this kind of talk is dangerous?

#### SKELETONS IN COUNTRY HOUSES.

THAT there is a skeleton in every cupboard may be taken as a correct, but allegorical, statement. That bodies are occasionally found below the flooring, and especially below the hearths of old English country houses, is a matter of fact. We could quote a rectory in which seven skeletons were found in 1874, and an ancient dwelling in the West of England where three dead bodies were discovered within the last twenty years. Now, the question of how the dead bodies came there is more difficult than the problem about the apples in apple-dumpling, or the mysterious absence of the fowl's legs, in *souprames*, as Mr. HARRY FOKER calls them. The most obvious theory—that a wicked squire or parson killed his heir, his solicitor, his creditors, or his rivals, and interred them, as a recent murderer cemented his wives, under the hearth—has obvious difficulties. The odour could not but cause awkward questions to be asked, even in the non-sanitary ages of the PLANTAGENETS. Again, to build up a dead person in a wall, or under the foundation of a house, "for luck," is a familiar rite of semi-pagan times. We know how ST. COLUMBA buried ST. ORAN alive, under a new chapel, and what very indiscreet revelations were made by the corpse, and whence comes the proverb, "Earth, earth, on the mouth of ORAN." But to bury under the earth is a different practice.

We venture to offer an explanation which only the learned are likely to have anticipated. Bodies were buried under hearths, to *stop hauntings*! One would have anticipated precisely the opposite effect, if any. The parsonage of the Seven Skeletons was haunted—"and no wonder," people said, on finding that there were seven. But that only proves what a severe case it must have been when seven burials proved inefficacious.

Our authority for a statement startling in itself is a work by PETRUS THYREUS, of the Society of Jesus; his *Loca Infesta*, Cologne, 1598. PETRUS was a Doctor of Theology and Professor in Heribopolis, and, unless Heribopolis is Grasse, we know not where it may be. Dedicating his book to the Bishop of Heribopolis, PETRUS tells us that, when travelling with that prelate, they stayed in a haunted castle. Conversation turned on hauntings; every one had his own ghost story, *celebrare domestica facta* was the order of the hour; and PETRUS, who had not reflected on the matter before, turned his mind to it, and produced a quarto of 352 pages, very badly printed on execrable paper.

After discussing spirit-rapping and spooks at much length, PETRUS tells us how to evict ghosts. "Damning and swearing at them," he says, "is of no use," nor can he approve of throwing black beans at them—a Pagan practice, described by OVID, which suggests blackballing a ghost. Finally (ch. lxiii.) he asks "if ghosts can be expelled by burying their bodies 'under the hearth.'" He decides that this plan, albeit recommended by BEUCERUS, is unavailing. "It is of no profit whatever to the spirit," he says. Besides, the burial of the body puts no restraint on the spook—a subject on which other learned doctors are of a different opinion. Moreover, "the practice is not without suspicion of superstitiousness," where we may agree with the erudite Jesuit. "The hearth itself has no efficacy as against spirits, nor can it prevent them from gadding about." "They are not the kind of people to be kept from molesting us merely because their bodies are under the hearth." Of course that can only be tried in practice, *solvitur ambulando*, or rather *solvitur non ambulando*, if the ghost having walked ceases to walk. "Perhaps they are prevented by a law of God"; but by what law, to whom revealed, when, where, and wherefore? These are puzzling questions; PETRUS has them there. Possibly some may say "*Experientia docet*." But is it a law without exception? Do ghosts never walk after being tucked away under the hearth? They did, as we see in the parsonage already quoted, but that may have been because there were only seven skeletons—a larger dose, as it were, may have been needed. Not having read PETRUS THYRÆUS, the Rector did not try increasing the dose with a few parishioners—in fact, he took up what had been laid down by the wisdom of the past. The consequences of the experiment are not on record. On the whole, PETRUS concludes that demons must have suggested the practice, because, if they didn't, who did? That is a staggering argument. The main thing is that he explains a practice which is certainly puzzling, and clears away the natural suspicion of homicide. There is, on the precinct wall of St. Andrews, a "haunted tower" wherein, not long ago, many corpses were found, including a lady in gloves. No doubt the tower is not haunted because they were there, but they were put there because it was haunted. Thus, the conclusions are rather the opposite of what the natural reason might draw, and squires who find skeletons under hearths may infer that they were placed there for a wise purpose, and had better be left *in situ*. *Quieta non movere* is a good maxim.

#### THE BEAR AND THE SKIN.

EVERYBODY must hope that the trap into which the advanced guard of Major FORBES'S troops, while in pursuit of the Matabele King, was reported on Wednesday night to have fallen, may turn out to have shut not too fast upon Captain WILSON and his men. It was, indeed, only too likely that something of the kind would happen. As we have pointed out more than once, it is one thing to advance cautiously in a single body, on known roads, with strongly protected and heavily armed laagers at every halt, and to bide the brunt of a rash and reckless onset; quite another thing to explore a difficult country in small parties, with the enemy thoroughly taught by experience of the danger of headlong attack and the necessity of watching their time. Even without the reported rise of the Shangani—an incident more and more likely to happen now—it would not have been surprising if some such lesson had been taught to the Company's officers in the midst of their somewhat premature parcelling out of townships and anticipations of complete

disbandment. And, if we may say so without being misunderstood, perhaps the most fortunate thing that could happen now would be that Captain WILSON should be extricated, indeed, but extricated without too distinct a success over his ambuscaders. For this, more than anything else, would be likely to teach the Company the wisdom of attending to old proverbs, and of not confusing the game with the rubber.

Not, of course, that there is the faintest chance of the rubber, as such, going to the Matabele. The contest is altogether too unequal; and the King's shrewdness, beyond all question, told him as much before it was entered upon, though he could not prevail over the fatal conjunction of the two facts that the Company was hungering for more of his territory, and that his warriors were thirsting for a fight with the Company. They have had that fight with a vengeance; and on the great scale it is not very likely to be renewed. But everybody in South Africa (and everybody out of South Africa who cared to attend to the matter) knows what might, and probably would, come of an attempt to settle Matabeleland in part while leaving the other part unsubdued, or of an attempt to hunt the King's troops completely out of the country. And, as the Company must have spent quite as much money already as (even with diamond mines indirectly at its back) it can afford to spend, a check sufficient to bring its braves to their senses, but not sufficient to set up a howl for vengeance, would, we repeat, be about the best thing that could befall it, as paving the way for a reasonable settlement.

The Aborigines' Protection Society met Lord RIPON on Thursday, and in a conference where either party has been known to talk nonsense by itself the chances of nonsense being talked by both is admittedly very considerable. As a matter of fact, however, very little nonsense, if any, was talked on either side, this being, perhaps, due to the fact that the wilder lovers of the aborigine—LABOUCHERES, LAWSONS, and a'—were raving about "filibustering in South Africa," "squalid, brutal butchery," "vile, greedy, sordid" interests, and so forth, at the Memorial Hall. The actual deputation made a modest and sensible plea for direct Crown government in Matabeleland, with which we are quite in sympathy, and Lord RIPON in reply, though he feared it would not be made a Crown Colony, assured them that Imperial sovereignty would be thoroughly maintained. This is quite possible, but if so the Administrator henceforward must be some one more directly connected with the Crown and less with the Company. But there will be time to talk of this hereafter. Meanwhile the Society chiefly pleaded for fair treatment of the Matabele, and we are more with it than it has been our wont to be. The Matabele, it is true, are merely intruders in the country, but so are we; and their intrusion is of much the older date. Further, we intruded as their tenants and licensees. It has sometimes surprised us that Mr. LABOUCHERE and others who do not like landlords should take the view of the Company which they take. It has behaved so exactly like an Irish tenant to his landlord! And as we, who endeavour to apply our notions of justice with indifferent evenhandedness, disapprove of the actions of Mr. RHODES's friends on the Shannon, so we disapprove of the actions of Mr. RHODES on the Shangani. Still, no doubt, there are certain condolences, certain vails which apply in the one case and not in the other—as, for instance, that the Matabele right to assegai their tenants when their tenants tried to shoot them was fully admitted, which is not the case in the parallel instance. And we do not see why an arrangement not neglecting the fortune of war, but respecting the rights of the Matabele, should not be arrived at, if the Government shows reasonable intelligence, and, above all, reasonable firmness. But

we cannot help wishing, without any disparagement to Colonel GOULD-ADAMS, that the Imperial troops at Bulawayo and its neighbourhood were under the command of some one whose authority and experience would impose alike on the Company and on the natives; for nothing so much as this could conduce to a rapid and satisfactory arrangement.

#### BITING THEIR THUMBS.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT bites his thumb. He will not, in reply to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, admit that he bites it at the House of Lords, having some little uncertainty whether the country will be on his side if he says ay; but he bites his thumb, and let the Lords take it as they list. The tactics of the Government are quite obvious. They are the usual expedient of a tottering dynasty which endeavours to appease internal disaffection by foreign war. The various groups which make up the Gladstonian party, Irish Home Rulers of both factions, Scotch and Welsh Disestablishers, Local Option men, Eight Hours men, Betterment men, Trade-Unionists, Socialists, Nonconformists, Anarchists, have all of them reason to complain of Ministers. It is the aim of Mr. GLADSTONE, acting through the congenial medium of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, to concentrate all their animosities against the House of Lords, by representing it as the great obstacle to the legislation which each of the coteries desires. The real obstacle, however, is the Government itself. HER MAJESTY'S Ministers do not desire that the measures which they introduce shall become law. They purposely give them such a shape as shall compel the House of Lords to reject them, in order that they may raise a cry against the House of Lords when the time comes for a dissolution. This was transparently the case with the Home Rule Bill, which, if it had passed both Houses, and received the Royal Assent, could no more have marched than any of those French Constitutions of the last century which it was found impossible to put upon their legs, much more to get to take a single step forward. Mr. GLADSTONE thought the country would be very angry, and took an early opportunity of making an anti-House-of-Lords speech, which was to be the beginning of an End-it-or-mend-it Crusade. But he did not rouse even an echo. So the experiment had to be begun again. The Employers' Liability Bill was pressed forward, in the hope that the Lords would reject it, or would insist on amendments, with regard to the liberty of contracting out, which the Commons would decline to accept. As to the Parish Councils Bill, Ministers have preferred to sacrifice such knight of the pancakes honour, in a purely political sense, as they possess, to allowing the Lords a chance of passing it.

We doubt very much whether these desperate expedients will be of much avail to them. The same trick was tried under the weak MELBOURNE Administration of 1835-41, with a result not very encouraging to its present imitators. O'CONNELL, a more formidable demagogue than any one whose services Mr. GLADSTONE can command, stumped the country against the Lords in 1835 with a great success of public meetings and indignant resolutions. Philosophical Radicals like Sir WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, as thoughtful a politician as Mr. JOHN MORLEY himself, and Mr. ROEBUCK, with whom it was merely a kind of political measles, and the respectable precursor of the Manchester School, Mr. JOSEPH HUME, joined the crusade. The circumstances were very similar to those with which we are familiar at present. There was a weak Liberal Ministry, with a majority of twenty or thirty votes, derived exclusively from Scotland and Ireland, with a large English majority facing it. The Government had to

purchase, Session after Session, and almost month after month, a precarious existence by concessions to Irish Repealers and British Radicals almost as ignominious as the transaction through which the present Administration has sold its soul to Mr. COBB. It had to contend with a period of industrial depression as serious as that which prevails, and with a Chancellor of the Exchequer whom it would be unjust to compare with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. The issue of this state of things was the return of Sir ROBERT PEEL to power with a majority which restored the harmony between the two Houses for five years, marked by more productive and beneficent, because unrevolutionary, legislation than any which has succeeded. The precedent is of good augury. The House of Lords, not through any special merits of its own, but by the fact that its members are free from the perturbing influences which cliques and coteries exercise on members of the other House, embodies the disinterested opinion of the country on most of the great questions which come before it, especially in regard to those economic principles which have guided legislation from the time of Mr. HUSKISSON until Mr. GLADSTONE'S desertion of them. It represents no longer the dominance of an ascendent class, but the rights of minorities to fair treatment. Further, it represents the real opinion of a majority in the present House of Commons, as would be seen if secretly dissentient Gladstonians had the courage to speak and vote as they think. The stable and matured convictions of educated and thoughtful, of sober and thrifty people in all classes throughout the country find at the present juncture, through a series of historic causes and a combination of personal accidents, their embodiment in the House of Lords. The permanence of this curious development we do not now consider. For the time, we believe, the leaven is more than large enough to leaven the lump, as the next general election may be reckoned on to show.

#### AMERICAN URBANITIES.

THERE are differences of opinion as to the privileges of literary criticism. It is unusual here to call a writer "a fool" in print; but Mr. EDWARD W. TOWNSEND, of the *New York Sun*, seems to think that this flower of speech should not be resented by persons of sense. Perhaps he is right; but what are we to say of the literary gentleman who calls another writer "a fool"? He stamps himself as *mal élevé*, and there he should be left among congenial beings of his own stamp.

The quarrel is between Mr. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, the author, we understand, of various magazine articles and stories, on one side, and Mr. TOWNSEND, a journalist, on the other. Mr. DAVIS, describing the mounting of guard at St. James's Palace, said, like a true American, that the business would be done better in America, but "there is no guard mount in America." We fail to see what else an American could say. There is no king, no crown, in America; but the President is an object much more imposing than a descendant of WODEN, the White House takes the gilt off the White Horse, off the Tower, and our other palaces, and so forth. We all know that; we admit all that, *damus manus*; we have no World Show, no Chicago; we are poor Islanders, and we respect persons who live in a piece of land only surrounded at a very long distance by water. But Mr. TOWNSEND was not satisfied; he was angry. He wrote:—"It is the kind of a fool 'this man is, not the degree, which produces this 'emotion.' If Americans like to call each other fools, in print, and to read such elegant criticisms, their taste varies from ours, and is probably superior.

Mr. DAVIS did not like the style; and, not knowing who "Major MAX" is (for that is the name under—or "over"—which Mr. TOWNSEND delights a congenial public), he wrote a letter to "Major MAX." He said he objected to the application of the word "fool." He had informed a gentleman connected with the *Sun* that "Major MAX" was a "cad," and possibly a coward, and he repeated these compliments in his letter. The word "cad" seems to us undignified and superfluous. Mr. DAVIS added an expression of his anxiety to slap "Major MAX's" face, and of his opinion that "Major MAX" should "do something." This idea, he said, was shared by his friends. Mr. TOWNSEND showed the letter to his companions at the *Sun* office, and they all laughed consumedly; it is so funny to be called a "cad" and to deserve that boyish title. Mr. TOWNSEND answered, giving his name and asking what he "should do." It is not very easy to say what a polite writer in the *Sun* should do when he is called a cad and a coward. Perhaps he had better pocket these tokens of esteem, which is, indeed, the policy of Mr. TOWNSEND. He also in a characteristic manner gave the letter of Mr. DAVIS "such publicity as occasion offered." He remarked that Mr. DAVIS, having been spoiled by praise, "does not know how to take criticism." By "criticism" he means calling a man a fool in print. This idea of criticism seems crude, but, of course, is characteristic. There, we presume, this edifying exchange of literary courtesies will cease. Mr. DAVIS, of course, was ill advised. In France he might have fought Mr. TOWNSEND, and we should have wished more power to his elbow. In England, if the event could have occurred in England, he would, of course, have taken no notice of a person who chose to behave as Mr. TOWNSEND did. In America they do not fight duels, or at least not in New York, and Mr. DAVIS might have known that Mr. TOWNSEND would be regarded as a hero by his class. The alternatives were either to leave Mr. TOWNSEND alone or to give him no formal beating on the nose, and leave him to look for a remedy. But "no good comes of a haltercation," as the footman says in *Pendennis*, unless you really thump your foe to some purpose. A succession of thumpings might modify Mr. TOWNSEND's theory of the amenities of criticism. On the other hand, he might have thumped Mr. DAVIS, and certainly he would have declined to go out with him. It seems that Mr. TOWNSEND and Mr. DAVIS are, or were, personally acquainted, which adds lustre and distinction to "Major MAX's" conduct in pseudonymously calling an acquaintance a fool. We cannot congratulate Mr. DAVIS on his sagacity; but, on the whole, Mr. TOWNSEND seems to be a person who needs instruction in the elements of literary and personal manners. It is, perhaps, not quite superfluous to add that we neither regard Mr. TOWNSEND as a representative of American journalistic manners, nor Mr. DAVIS as an example of American literary sagacity.

#### THE UNEMPLOYED.

IT is as well, no doubt, that Mr. KEIR HARDIE should at last have got his opportunity of raising the question of "the Unemployed." True, it is entirely his own fault that he has not got it before this; but we do not suppose that that important circumstance would have made much difference in the account given of the matter by himself and his friends. Anyhow, he has now had his chance, and the debate which he has several times tried to bring about has taken place. Its first effect has been to show that Mr. HARDIE's qualifications for the advocacy of the cause which he has taken up only differ from those of his

fellow-demagogues in including a greater recklessness in the matter of assertion, and a smaller regard for logic in the matter of inference. A theorist on the Labour question who has convinced himself that the statistics of suicide are directly affected by those of industry, or even one who commits himself to the less definite proposition that it is no uncommon thing for men to destroy themselves through fear of starvation, goes out of his way to alienate, not only the hearer who is decently well up in his facts, but even him who can reason intelligently from such facts as he is supplied with by the theorist himself. There is, of course, no proof of any sort of relation between the two phenomena which Mr. HARDIE endeavours to connect. Overwork, as Sir WALTER FOSTER pointed out, is probably responsible for more suicides than want of work, while as to a large portion of the remainder which have occurred, as he reminded Mr. HARDIE, not among the poor, but the well-to-do, we are ourselves disposed to ascribe them much less to the lack of bread than to resentment at being unable to obtain a better kind of the article than can be made with wheat. As to the discovery so innocently proclaimed by Mr. HARDIE that "suicides are highest in the metropolis, where there is the largest number of men and women out of employment," its importance is a little qualified by the reflection that the metropolis is also the place in which life is carried on at its highest pressure, and in which, therefore, every one of the known mental or cerebral causes of suicide is more potently operative than elsewhere.

The best corrective for such logic as Mr. HARDIE'S is to be found in the admirable speech of the Leader of the Opposition, who is almost the first speaker, so far as we can remember, who has ever laid his finger on what may be called the "metropolitan fallacy"—or the habit of assuming that the concentration of a great variety of morbid social phenomena within a relatively small area places them in serious proportional relations to the healthy elements in the community. London attracts to itself an immense quantity of the vice, crime, mendicancy, and disease, physical and moral, in Southern England, and collects most of these accretions together within a comparatively narrow ring-fence in its Eastern quarter. It is natural that the sight should impress the more impulsive order of spectator, and that he should forget to ask himself what ratio the phenomena visible to his eye or readily comprehensible to his conception bear to those which elude the grasp of his imagination. The East-End of London is, no doubt, a comparatively small place to contain as much destitution from some cause or another as it does; but, then, the total area of London itself is not very large to contain such an enormous number of people who are not destitute. Londoners are, in fact, rather thick on the ground. And it is curious to note the inconsistency with which the same man, who has just confessed his utter inability to realize a total population of four millions and a half, will in the next breath assure you that this immeasurable is in some mysterious way commensurable, and that he is in a position to inform you that the amount of vice, crime, pauperism, and generally of social wreckage in London is disproportionately large. On the abatement which should be made from any general proposition to this effect Mr. BALFOUR discoursed very wisely; while Sir WALTER FOSTER showed, to our mind convincingly, that it is certainly true as a particular statement of contemporary fact. The application of every available test leads only to confirmation of the belief that the present condition of the labour market is not worse, but better, than it has been for several winters past. Thus, though there is no doubt that there is still a far

larger unemployed section of the population than we could wish, there is, on the other hand, no excuse for superseding the operation of the ordinary machinery of relief, and rushing to Socialistic or semi-Socialistic remedies, which have been abundantly proved in the experience of other countries to result in an aggravation of the evil.

#### THE GOVERNMENT'S USE OF THE NAVY.

THE strength of the navy is to be made, not for the first time, a party question. This is the substance of Mr. GLADSTONE'S answer to Mr. BALFOUR on Thursday. The leader of the Opposition asked what course the Cabinet proposed to take in regard to Lord GEORGE HAMILTON'S question, and the PREMIER answered that they would make it an excuse for demanding a vote of confidence—or, as Mr. GLADSTONE, avoiding, as usual, plain words, preferred to say, they will treat it as “a motion for the displacement of the Government, and also for other important consequences to which I need not advert.” They will ask the House to vote that “It is a primary duty of the responsible Ministers of the Crown to make adequate provision for the naval defence of the Empire and the protection of its interests; and this House relies on HER MAJESTY'S advisers to submit to Parliament definite proposals in due time and measure to secure that end.” Tuesday will be given for the motion and the amendment, and one day more of the already utterly insufficient time of Parliament will be wasted on a debate which is not called for by the interests of the country, and would not be called for by the dignity of any Cabinet which ranked those interests above its own party convenience.

The Ministerial amendment is, on the face of it, part and parcel of that elaborate scheme of manoeuvres designed to lead up to a profitable fall, which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN analysed at Braintree on the same day. Ministers must think either that there is, or that there is not, occasion for a large building vote. If it holds the second of these opinions, it might have met the motion of Lord GEORGE HAMILTON by a direct negative, supported by a statement of policy and the reasons for it. But the Government cannot take that view. Indeed, the language which Lord SPENCER has been allowed to use repeatedly, and even Mr. GLADSTONE'S own pronouncements, studiously vague as they have been, show that it does not. In truth, there would be flagrant absurdity in holding that it would be safe to fall appreciably below the rate of building which has been maintained during the last four years. We have not joined in the present exaggerated and affected outcry over the weakness of the navy and the danger of the country. Our naval force is at present quite capable of dealing with any probable combination of enemies—if it is handled by persons with the modicum of sense and nerve which qualify them to fight at all. But, though this is a good reason for feeling contemptuous of the chattering newspaper terrors by which we have been dinned of late, it is no reason for resting on our oars. There must be no prolonged stoppage of building at a time when one country, from which we have heard an unbroken stream of provocation and insult for years, has just fallen effusively into the arms of another country now engaged in striving for a position in Central Asia, which, except as a basis of operations against India, is of no value whatever.

The Cabinet is, to judge by Lord SPENCER'S words, as well aware of that fact as any body of men in the country. That being so, the simple course would be to say in plain words that it recognizes the fact, and to

state in general terms how, and when, it means to conform thereto. Here, again, we dissociate ourselves from excited current talk when it transgresses the bounds of rational exigencies. If the Government would make vigorous progress with the ships it has in hand, and give an honourable engagement to provide a new building programme in the Estimates, we think it would comply with all reasonable demands. Considering the relative rates of building in English and foreign dockyards, there is no ground for insisting that work must begin at once, particularly when it is remembered that a part of the French and Russian programmes is just begun, and will not be finished under five or six years, whatever the prophetic newspaper correspondent, writing for effect, may assert to the contrary. The Government will not take that obvious course. It is impossible to avoid the deduction that it is simply playing for waste of time, and the excuse which it hopes that waste of its own creating will give it for raising the cry of Obstruction; or, as we began by saying, it is treating the navy as a mere piece in the game of party politics.

#### PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

AMONG the “many inventions” which persons celebrating jubilees and the like love to attribute to the “Victorian age,” the arising of an uncertain number of new public schools, and the consequent alterations in many important respects of the older ones, have not been the least interesting. Several writers and artists have during the last two or three years contributed to the *English Illustrated Magazine* papers and pictures concerning the chief of these; and the result of their labour is now enshrined in a rather handsome volume, called *Great Public Schools* (London: Edward Arnold), which would be a suitable adjunct to a self-respecting library, and may at any moment come in useful as a book of reference. The schools treated of are ten in number, and are, in their order of seniority, Winchester, Eton, Westminster, Rugby, Harrow, Charterhouse, Cheltenham, Marlborough, Clifton, Haileybury. If Haileybury could be considered a continuous institution with the E. I. C. College, it would come at the head of the junior division instead of at the tail; but there would still be a gap of nearly two hundred years between the old and the new. It does not very clearly appear to the impartial mind why Cheltenham and Clifton should be put in, and Wellington and Uppingham—to say nothing of Repton and Rossall—left out; but then to the really impartial mind any two of these six schools have as good a claim to be called great as any other two, and, except for purposes of reference, a sympathetic account of one is about as instructive as a sympathetic account of another. Naturally enough the various articles are written for the most part by more or less “occasional” authors, and do not all present shining examples of literary capacity; but Judge Hughes—need it be said?—is among the contributors, and we may take the opportunity of thanking some anonymous Rugbeian who has “drawn” his Honour, to the extent of extracting from him some excellent stories previously unknown to us, by venturing to write, what before had only been murmured, that the great Dr. Arnold is considered at Rugby to have something in common with Aristides. Those were not his words, which there is no need to repeat.

The general impression to be gained by this series of articles is that the new spirit, in all public schools alike, is one of an assiduous and elaborate culture, not very pleasing in itself to an old-fashioned taste. Not only the debating society or the literary society, but the beetle-catching society and the archaeological picnic, bulk rather large in the accounts of public schools as they are. The rifle corps is, of course, an appanage proper to a self-respecting school any time these thirty years, and affords useful employment for boys unfortunate enough to have no power of playing cricket, and no opportunity of boating; but it is surely hardly a proper topic of absolute enthusiasm! And in several of these papers we find evidence of art-museums, singing-masters, and even gymnasiums being

held in esteem which they used not to be considered to deserve. Eton, of course, is less than the other schools the victim of this rage for modern improvement (though we do not forget Bever). This is because its unequalled natural advantages and social tradition make it more free from competition than any of the others. Nevertheless, it is by no means altogether free, as a hundred-and-one recent reforms testify, from the yearning for modern development, and though the coat of paint is not so thick, the colour has been laid on in the case of Eton as undoubtedly as in the case of Harrow, which, in spite of its respectable antiquity, seems to take particularly kindly to the sort of development here indicated. The merit or otherwise of a style of education is necessarily comparative, and it is doubtless better for boys to be hurled from term's-end to term's-end through successive hours of geological rambles, elementary engineering, part-singing, parallel bars, practical entomology, and musical drill, than that they should spend all their spare time in poaching or drunkenness. But when they have all these wholesome and instructive pleasures arranged for them, is the result certain to be more satisfactory than when they have followed the much simpler curriculum which they devised, and can enforce, for themselves? Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, in an interesting article forming one of the chapters devoted to Eton, says that he has been informed that at the new foundations the boys are not always strong enough in the qualities of self-government to regulate and carry on their various sports for themselves without assistance from the masters, as they do at the five senior schools described, and, for aught we know, also at Charterhouse, though of course the transportation of that school to Godalming was a rather violent strain upon its institutions of this nature. The speculation is interesting, because it is mostly at the younger schools that the innovations in question have had their origin, the elder having adopted them for fear of being left behind in the struggle for existence.

One feature of modern public school life which can hardly escape any one essaying to take a general view of it is that all the new schools are to some extent, and some very clearly and closely, the offspring, in a way of speaking, of Rugby. In each of the four junior schools treated of by Mr. Edward Arnold's authors, and in many more which are not mentioned, such words as "big school," "big-side," "cap," "belows," and so on, may be met with more or less frequently, all of them being pure Rugby. They are, of course, outward and audible signs only, but there is no reason to doubt that they indicate a good deal of inward and spiritual affinity. The historical connexion is well known—namely, that most new schools of any importance between 1840 and 1880 took one or more head-masters from Rugby. At schools mentioned in the book, the names of Cotton and Bradley, Butler and Bradby, Jex-Blake, Perceval, and Wilson, testify to the prevalence of the practice. All of them, of course, stand in the following of Arnold, and the reflection is one of which Judge Hughes has every right to be proud, and the circumstance justifies the editor, whoever he was, of *Great Public Schools* in allotting to Rugby, equally with Eton, a considerably longer notice than is bestowed upon other individual schools. At the same time, in both cases, the result is the republication of a good deal of not unfamiliar matter.

Some persons, including probably all existing head-masters and under-masters, would probably say that our great schools were never in such an excellent condition as at present. Our private belief is that all schools—all great schools, that is—of a fairly permanent character, and such as have been here considered, are very much what the boys make them. We all know that excellent material has been coming out of the older schools throughout this century, and out of the newer for the last thirty, forty, or fifty years. Possibly if the boy is fairly sensible, strong, and industrious, he may be all the better for having been plied with pianos, engravings, and the insides of animals, instead of being left principally to himself out of school, as was the case with boys of an older growth. But if this should not be so, we do not believe that he will be much the worse for it. Whatever enthusiastic masters may do, they must, we think, leave plenty of scope for the production of the aptitude for command and decision, and the qualities of self-restraint and self-respect, as well as for a general knowledge of mankind and of the universe, which are what boys really go to public schools for the purpose of learning.

## MONEY MATTERS.

THE Bill for authorizing the Indian Government to borrow 10 millions sterling in this country is the necessary result of the closing of the Indian mints. Before the mints were closed the value or purchasing power of the rupee was determined by the value or purchasing power of the pure silver contained in it. Since the mints have been closed the rupee has been kept at an artificial value. As everybody knows, the Indian Government wished to keep it at 1s. 4d. As a matter of fact, it has fluctuated between 1s. 2½d. and 1s. 3½d. At the latter price the India Council has been willing to sell its drafts; when the rupee fell lower the Council refused to sell. At the present time, therefore, the India Council has abated from the proposal of the Indian Government, and is trying to fix the value of the rupee at 1s. 3½d. Up to the present time, as already said, it has not succeeded. According to the official statement made in the House of Commons a week ago, the Council had then received, in round figures, 8 millions sterling less for its bills and telegraphic transfers than it had calculated upon receiving. The Council, as our readers know, has to pay in London during the current financial year about 18½ millions sterling, and at the end of last week it was short of supplies by about 8 millions sterling. It is true that nearly four months of the financial year had yet to run, and it is quite possible, therefore, that the Council may be far more successful in disposing of its drafts in the immediate future than it has been in the immediate past. The Under-Secretary of State expressly said that the Council hopes to be much more successful; and all who took part in the discussion were careful not to commit themselves to a contrary opinion. But it is possible, of course, that the Council may not be successful during the next three and a half months, and therefore the Government proposes to give power to the Secretary of State for India to borrow 10 millions sterling, should that be necessary. Very wisely—if the measure is to be carried at all—ample power is proposed. And nobody will doubt that the measure is necessary. There is very great difference of opinion as to whether it was or was not wise to close the mints. Upon that point there is, however, no occasion to enter just now. The Indian Government urged so strongly upon the Home Government the necessity for doing so that the latter gave way, and the closing of the mints is now an accomplished fact. Every loyal subject, whether he approved or disapproved of the measure at the time, will be anxious that it should turn out a success, for a failure would be a very serious matter for India and, we need hardly add, for this country as a consequence. As a matter of course, the attempt to keep up the value of the rupee about 25 per cent. above what it would have fallen to had it followed the silver market has deranged and dislocated the whole trade of India. Imports from Lancashire have poured into India because the prices of those imports in India have not materially altered, and the prices received in India in rupees exchange in Europe for more sovereigns than they would do if the rupee had fallen. On the other hand, exports from India have been very seriously checked. Prices in India have hardly altered; consequently, as many of the artificially enhanced rupees have to be given for indigo, jute, and other articles of export as if the rupee had fallen. But when those articles are sold for sovereigns in this country, they naturally exchange for much fewer rupees than they would have done had the mints not been closed. Thus the immediate result of closing the mints has been to stimulate in an extraordinary way the imports of commodities into India, and to check in a proportionate degree the exports from India. Consequently what is called the balance of trade has been entirely disarranged. There is less due to India than there has been over a long series of years; as a result India is not in a position to buy the Council's drafts on the old scale, and practically the Council has sold very little since the closing of the mints. That this may be a temporary difficulty we must all anxiously hope. But that the difficulty is serious, and that it is one that requires the best thought and the most solicitous attention from every one connected with the government of India need hardly be added. An addition of even 10 millions sterling to the debt of India is not a very formidable affair if it stops there. But if India has to go on borrowing every year to pay her current obliga-

tions in London, the matter assumes a very different complexion.

The money market continues sensitive and unsettled, though there is very little change in quotations, the rate of discount in the open market having been about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. all through the week, and short loans having been about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. There was an expectation early in the week that the Stock Exchange settlement and the acknowledged scarcity of supplies in the open market would compel a good deal of borrowing at the Bank of England; but, as a matter of fact, the applications have not amounted to much. During the week the receipts of gold at the Bank of England and the withdrawals very nearly balanced one another.

The price of silver fluctuates about 32*d.* per oz. There is a good demand for the Far East, for India particularly. There is much discussion in the market as to whether the action of the India Council in closing the mints has not, upon the whole, been injurious to Indian finance. At the time most people expected that the closing of the Indian mints, together with the repeal of the Sherman Act, would cause silver to fall much below 30*d.* per oz. As a matter of fact, the fear of those measures did send the price down to about 30*d.* on one day. But there was a very quick recovery, when the quotation went up to near 35*d.* per oz., and now the price is fluctuating about 32*d.* The market, therefore, is changing its opinion, and is rather tending towards the conclusion that, if the Indian Government had kept the mints open, and declared that it would not be influenced by the action of other Governments, whatever that action might be, the price would ultimately have been maintained above 36*d.* All that, however, is mere speculation now; but it interests the market so much that it seems to call for notice at the moment. On Wednesday the India Council offered for tender 50 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers. The applications slightly exceeded a quarter of a lakh, and no allotments were made. Since the 1st of April—just eight months and a half—the Council has received for its drafts disposed of not quite  $6\frac{1}{2}$  millions sterling out of the  $18\frac{1}{2}$  millions sterling that it needs to raise somehow during the current financial year. In the discussion on the Indian Loan Bill on Wednesday Mr. Russell stated that, if during the next three months and a half the Council is very successful in selling, it may have to borrow no more than about a million sterling; if it is not very successful, it may require to borrow as much as 6 millions sterling.

Bearing in mind how many adverse influences are still in operation, and also that the Christmas holidays are close upon us, it must be said that the Stock Exchange is fairly active and firm just now. There is a very strong belief in the City that the Government is about to propose a very large scheme of naval defence which will involve the construction of numerous ships. That, it is argued, will greatly increase the demand both for iron and coal, and will generally give an impetus to trade improvement. Consequently there has been a somewhat better demand this week for Home Railway stocks. It is evident, too, that the railway companies are beginning to recover from the effects of the coal strike. Naturally it took some time to resume the working of coal upon the old scale, and it also took some time to set the disarranged industries into motion. But the dislocation of business is now practically over, and we may reasonably look for a steady, though a very slow, improvement in the future. In the United States, upon the contrary, the liquidation of bad business is going on, and there is widespread discouragement. The prospects of the Tariff Reform Bill, too, are uncertain. Not only will there be a fierce opposition from the Republican party, but the Democrats themselves are divided, and it is therefore doubtful just now whether President Cleveland, with all his firmness of character and great influence, will be able to carry the Bill through all its stages. On Wednesday there was a recovery in Brazilian stocks, as the impression is growing that the Government is losing ground, that the insurrection is rapidly spreading, and that before very long there will be a restoration of the Monarchy. The announcement that the Argentine Congress had actually begun the discussion of the Bill for confirming the settlement of the foreign debt arranged between the Government and the Rothschild Committee has had little influence upon prices. Congress has postponed the debate for such an unconscionable time that people are rather incredulous as to its sincerity. The best informed, however, do not doubt that the Bill will be carried, and as soon as that happens it is understood that negotiations for

the settlement of the railway guarantees will be actively pushed forward. The Greek Government has not yet arranged with M. Ornstein, representing a powerful French syndicate; but, according to a statement made by M. Tricoupis on Wednesday, an agreement is probable. Meantime he is asking the Chambers to sanction a temporary arrangement. The reported loan by French bankers to the Spanish Government hangs fire, but little doubt is entertained in Paris that the loan will be made. The Paris bankers are imposing some very stringent conditions, and it is natural that the Spanish Government should hesitate. But in the long run it will probably have to give way. In Italy the failure of the Credito Mobiliare has been followed, as was to be expected, by the suspension of several other institutions, and probably many more will take place. Meanwhile, however, the prospect of the return of Signor Crispi to power is favourable to the country. Whatever else he may be, Signor Crispi is a strong man, and only a strong man can restore order in Italian finance.

There has been a considerable degree of irregularity in the Stock market during the past week. The question of the Indian Government loan has been much discussed in the markets, and there has been some amount of weakness in the sterling issues, and to a decline in the exchange is also attributed the depression in Rupee-paper. Consols have been fairly steady in face of the talk of further expenditure on naval requirements. In the foreign department one of the leading features has been a rise, fairly maintained, in Italian on the appointment of the Crispi Ministry. Spanish gave way sharply at one time on a reported hitch in the negotiations with Paris firms, but subsequently recovered. Greek issues have been depressed, the 5 per cent. loans receding to below 30. It is expected that the idea of a scaling down of interest by one-third in gold or one-half in notes will be carried. South American issues have been comparatively quiet, but there has been a further decline in Peru debentures, which have been at the lowest since their creation. The fall has been followed by a recovery. Home Railways declined early in the week, but have turned for the better on the publication of better traffic statements. The dull tone at the beginning of the week was due to the belief that there was a more plentiful supply of stock than was expected at the adjustment of the account. Great Eastern has receded to nearly 75. Scotch issues have shown a hardening tendency, it being expected that the iron trade will benefit from the giving of orders in connexion with the proposed naval expenditure. The market for Grand Trunk has again been depressed, and the department for American shares remains unsettled. A momentary tendency to recovery was shown towards the middle of the week, but has not been maintained. Louisville shares have been appreciably under 51, and, compared with last week, are about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  down. There has been some support given to the market for Atchison issues. Milwaukee remain heavy in tone at a price below 65, as compared with nearly 69 at the commencement of last week. A little more activity is observable in the market for South African Gold shares. The crushings for the month of November of the Witwatersrandt Mines were the largest on record, and this notwithstanding the fact of there being one day less than in the month of October.

#### OLD DUTCH DRINKING CUSTOMS.

THE Dutch loathe aqueous potations, and express their abhorrence of anything by saying "It is as bad as a drink of water." The reason is not far to seek, and those who have seen and smelt the smaller canals of Holland will perfectly understand it. But, being thirsty souls, they took to beer, wines, and spirits, and became the mightiest drinkers of their great drinking race, and they have left in the records of their institutions, in their language and literature, and in their pottery and glass ware, many traces of their vast capacity for drink. Even their drinking wagers were colossal, as witness the two Frisian noblemen who made a bet as to which of them would drink the larger number of casks of wine in a year.

The Hollanders did not, like the Greeks and Romans, exalt drink to the rank of deity, but they, more appropriately, made it a kind of civic dignitary, and drink-guilds

and drink-brethren existed from the earliest times until the latter part of the sixteenth century, when their excesses led to their suppression. Many writers see in those associations the origin of guilds in general; for it is certain that men who worked together would also drink together, and thus form a primitive club.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries all the public bodies seem to have vied with each other in their efforts to secure the services of the hardest drinkers; possibly they placed an extraordinary value upon Dutch courage! Aspirants for admission to the Dike College—the body entrusted with the control of the canals—were not required to show a knowledge of sea-walls and sluices, but to demonstrate their ability to empty the great cup presented to the College by Albert of Bavaria. Whoever emptied it thrice and was still thirsty received a diploma entitling him to free shooting and fishing over a large district. As a sidelight on the quantity of wine consumed by that College, it may be noted that it was a common saying in the days of De Witt that the number of corks they threw into the North Sea impeded the passage of the East Indiamen! The officers of the Gouda and Haarlem Militia made it a law that no member should be accepted unless he drained at one draught the great tankard, holding about two bottles, which had been bequeathed by Countess Jacoba. A curious custom, and one which illustrates the popular character of Divine Service in Holland in the middle ages, was that of publicly announcing in the Oude Kerk of Amsterdam that the Militia were going to broach their wine, and that for the space of ten days no other wine was to be broached within the city. This announcement was made on the Sunday before St. Martin's Day, or on Shrove Tuesday, or on the feast of Corpus Christi.

In early times, when plain drinking-horns were used, it was customary to remove the stopper from the small end and blow a triumphant blast, to show that the horn was really empty and the drinker still sober. But when the horns became much ornamented, a separate one, usually of green glass, was provided. Many of these glass horns still survive, but the purpose for which they were made has perished from general remembrance. An advance on this simple plan was to place at the end of the horn a removable flute, which the drinker had to play, or, at least, to sound. And this is the reason why certain long Dutch wine-glasses were called flutes. On festive occasions, such as marriages or christenings, the host used to place on the table a large silver cup, having a die behind a glass plate in its foot; it was then filled with Rhine wine and handed to the opposite guest, who drained it and set it face downwards on the table; then, whatever number the die showed, so many times in succession was it his duty to empty the cup. After the dice-cup had gone its round, the mill-tankard appeared, and each guest, before drinking, blew through a little pipe, and the sails of a tiny windmill began to turn on their pivot. Behind the pivot was an indicator, which, as soon as the sails had ceased to turn, stood fixed on a number-plate, and the number indicated showed how many times the tankard was to be emptied. Then came the tocsin, a cup of silver or glass, under which hung a little silver bell, and as many times as the clapper struck so many times was this final cup to be drained.

Among great drinkers the Frisian nobles had a notable reputation, and they were accustomed to cause the records of their Gargantuan draughts to be engraved on their tankards. Thus, a half-gallon cup belonging to Jonker Sisinga Stortebeker, who was beheaded for piracy in 1374, bore the following inscription:—

Ik Jonker Sisinga  
Van Groninga,  
Sla deze hensa,  
In ééne flensa,  
Door mijne kraga  
In mijn maga.

I, Jonker Sisinga,  
Of Groningen,  
Poured this flagon,  
In one draught,  
Through my collar,  
Into my stomach.

It will be noticed that he refers to the large collar worn by the Frisian nobles, to which reference is also made in the current saying respecting a drunken man, "Hij heeft een stuk in zijn kraag" (he has a bit in his collar). The Frisian monks, too, were apparently hearty drinkers, for when Abbot Zardus forbade the monks of Marienhof to drink more than three cups of wine at dinner, one to the honour of each person of the Trinity, they were so angry that they rose from table without saying grace. The matter was brought before that excellent wine-bibber Boniface VIII.,

who confirmed the Abbot's injunction, but granted an additional cup to all who said their grace. Hence came the saying—

Een glasie na de gracie  
Naar de les van Bonifaci.

A glass after grace  
By the law of Boniface.

#### CHESS MATCHES.

DR. TARRASCH and Mr. Tchigorin have added one more to the considerable number of important chess matches which were expected to decide points of great interest to the chess-playing world, but which have ended in a draw and decided nothing. To that extent the St. Petersburg match, played between October 8 and November 14, is disappointing. The German master is a fine exponent of accurate and scientific play, based on thorough analysis, on cautious self-restraint, and on the principle that advantage at chess is cumulative, leading up from the first shade of difference to the won game. The Russian master is as bold in his assaults as the German is brave in his method. He knows the value of a rapid development of force against a weak point, and he always thinks he can see a weak point in his opponent's king's corner. Every one expected from these two champions a memorable display of the merits of their respective schools, and perhaps the majority of chess-players believed that there was a triumph in store for the German. This illusion was kept up to the last. Dr. Tarrasch was never behind in the score except on the third game, and at one time he was three games ahead. But the Russian was indomitable. Five times the score was equalized, standing at one all, two all, four all, eight all, and nine all. Then, according to the conditions of the match—which was a test of endurance as well as of skill—the stakes were divided. This result is virtually identical with that of the Tchigorin-Gunsberg match at Havana, in 1889, when the score was nine all and five draws. If one could safely make any inference from a comparison of different matches, played at various times between varying couples, it might be concluded that there is very little to choose amongst Tchigorin, Tarrasch, and Gunsberg in a series of twenty or twenty-five deliberate games; whereas Steinitz, who has proved his distinct superiority over Tchigorin and Gunsberg in a test of this kind, would probably beat Tarrasch in an equally decisive manner.

The openings played in the St. Petersburg match, with one or two exceptions, were limited by the German master's choice of the Ruy Lopez attack and the French Defence. Players who belong to what is sometimes called the modern school are pretty well agreed as to the effectiveness of these two openings, and, doubtless, that is why Dr. Tarrasch adopted them. "First-class masters," Mr. Steinitz wrote, after his match with Tchigorin in 1889, "when engaged in such serious contests, generally select for the attack and defence such openings as in their own respective opinions will yield them the best prospects of success, and then persist in adopting the same line of play unless they become convinced of its unsoundness." The openings chosen by Tarrasch left his opponent the least possible option in the development of the game, for neither of them can be safely ignored. Tchigorin was thus compelled to meet the German on his own ground; but in responding to the French Defence he chose the novel continuation of queen to king's second, and adroitly converted a close game of his opponent's choosing into a close game of his own choosing. Indeed, the alternate games took somewhat of the form of Sicilians throughout, and we are inclined to think that this bit of strategy did more than anything else to deprive Tarrasch of the victory on which his friends had counted. On the whole match Tchigorin, as first player, got the best of the quasi-Sicilians, and the commentators must think again before they finally condemn his innovating move with the queen as a rejoinder to the French Defence. All that can be said at present is that Tarrasch did well with the Defence, even after its conversion; until, in the tenth game, he changed his second move from pawn to queen's bishop's fourth into bishop to king's second. This led to draws in the tenth and twelfth games, and to losses in the eighteenth, twentieth, and twenty-second; so that he cannot be said to have changed for the better.

In the Ruy Lopez games the German player tried a slight variation from the canon of this opening. By his fifth move, in the fifth game, he gave Black the option of a

double Ruy Lopez; and the Russian took the bait, to his own undoing. It was only a slight disadvantage, so far, but a subsequent bad move with his knight led to an extraordinary position, in which White offered his queen—or, rather, a choice between queen and knight—on his eleventh move, and won by a pretty sacrifice of a rook ten moves later. Tarrasch had already won the fourth game by a sacrifice of the queen; and he so far out-paced his opponent that Tchigorin could only secure four games out of the first fourteen. Then, for one reason or another, the Doctor's play began to play off, and, on the other hand, Tchigorin's later victories were very finely scored. He is, as Steinitz said of him four years ago, "undoubtedly one of the most skilled and ingenious experts in the king's side attack that ever lived," and some of the St. Petersburg games admirably illustrate this open and spirited method of attack. Yet, strange to say, when we review the late contest as a whole we are bound to admit that Tarrasch has not been so bookishly sound, nor Tchigorin so dashing brilliant, as might have been expected from the general character of their play in the past. Both men have done extremely well, and it must not be forgotten that this was Tarrasch's first public match. Tchigorin, after a lead of one on the third game, had a stern chase throughout, and he exhibited the greater staying power. The impetuosity with which his critics have been wont to credit him does not appear to have put him at a serious disadvantage. It is true that, in the eleventh game, he was so intent on a winning attack that he left his queen *en prise*; but otherwise he lost very little by unsound or inaccurate play.

It was disappointing, for several reasons, that the international tournament planned in connexion with the Columbian Chess Congress—originally contemplated for Chicago, though the venue was afterwards changed to New York—fell through for lack of adequate support. Half a dozen English and Continental players of high rank, the leading masters excepted, went over to take part in what promised at one time to be a memorable gathering, only to find on their arrival in New York that the meeting of the Congress had been indefinitely postponed. If the fixture had been finally arranged, several of the London masters would have put in an appearance, and Dr. Tarrasch intended to accompany them. Under the circumstances, the friends of chess in the United States behaved very nicely over the business, and lost no time in organizing a tournament for the fourteen players who were ready to enter the lists. Lasker, Albin, and Lee were in the country on their own account, with a more or less settled intention of making America their home. Gossip and Jasnogrodsky, with Taubenhause from Paris, came in response to the original invitation. Delmar, Showalter, Pollock, and Major Hanham, with four less known Americans, were all on the spot, though Lipschütz and other strong representatives of American play stood out. The aggregate stakes offered by the organizing Committee were eight hundred dollars, and each player was required to meet his thirteen competitors. Play began towards the end of September, and ended on October 14. So far as the first prize was concerned, this tournament was a foregone conclusion. It was impossible for Lasker to avoid taking the highest honours, but he managed to gain just the one genuine triumph that was open to him. The next best thing to not entering a competition with players of acknowledged inferiority is to beat them all round in the handsomest manner without turning a hair or straining a nerve. This is precisely what Lasker did. He won his thirteen games straight off, Showalter being, perhaps, the only man who had a chance of scoring against him. It is unnecessary to say that this achievement of Lasker's was very exceptional, even allowing for the fact that scarcely one of his opponents had gained high distinction in previous tournaments. To beat any one of these thirteen strong players was a comparatively light task for the young German master, but to beat them all in succession, not losing a single game by a slip, or an experiment, or a thoughtless interval, or a headache, was something out of the common. The result more than confirms Lasker's reputation as an equable and collected player; and on his present form, with youth and enthusiasm in his favour, many would be inclined to prefer his chances in a match or tournament to those of Tarrasch and Tchigorin. Certainly he is now quite entitled to play Steinitz for the championship, though it would be more satisfactory in some respects if he would meet Tarrasch or Tchigorin first. One likes to

see a young player work his way up to the champion by beating those who are only second to the champion. Steinitz, however, has waived all considerations of this kind by accepting the challenge of the Prussian master; and there is still some reason to hope that this highly interesting match between one of the oldest and one of the youngest experts will be brought about.

The home play of the coming winter season will include the usual class tournaments at the clubs, which give young players their best opportunity of proving their quality and of forging their way to the front. The number of chess clubs in London and in the provinces is constantly increasing, as well as the number of members in each club, and handicap tournaments of more than a hundred players are by this time common enough. They afford the simplest means of fostering a popular taste for the game, and of sorting out the pretensions of young recruits. It was a timely idea of Mr. Gossip's to prepare, in view of all this handicap play, a *Pocket Guide to Games at Odds* (Ward & Downey). The result is a very serviceable little book, containing the first ten or a dozen moves in the several variations of handicap games. The odds discussed are those of pawn and move, pawn and two moves, knight and rook, with others less frequently conceded. Mr. Gossip has based his analysis mainly on that of Staunton, Löwenthal, and Dr. Schwede, a contributor to the *Schachzeitung*, supplementing these from two or three later authorities. We note a casual misprint on p. 20, move 9; and on p. 22, variation 4, Steinitz's choice for Black's seventh move, rook to knight's square, should have been recorded. The book would have been strengthened by a few illustrative games at the odds of pawn and two moves; but there is no question about its value as it stands, both for young players and for the givers of odds.

#### THE STAGE AS A TRADE.

THOSE who remember Macready's recorded hatred of the theatrical profession—an actor born and bred, whose father and mother were "lessees and managers" of the Bath and Bristol Theatres—those who have not forgotten the bitter, and probably unprovoked, saying of the elder Mathews, "A dog of mine should not go upon the stage"—may be glad to know what "the profession" was like at the time when these opinions were made public. In 1825, at a rough calculation, there were in England about six thousand ladies and gentlemen who had some right to the title of actor and actress, and more than six times that number, or thirty-six thousand, who had only the faintest claim to the title. How hard they worked may be gathered from the fact that a country actor in a small company, and aspiring to a prominent position in the profession, had to study about five hundred lines a day, equal to six hours' work, the duties at the theatre consuming another four hours in the morning for rehearsal, and five hours at night for performance, making fifteen hours a day, or nearly twice what the so-called "working-man" is now kicking at. Beyond and above this a little time—however little—was required for the study of the characters, after the words had been mastered. In addition to this it was necessary, in order to deserve if not to command success, to have a good face, a good figure, a good education, a good voice, a good wardrobe, and, above all, good luck.

The prize dangling before the eyes of these histrionic drudges was a position in London at one of the "patent theatres," where Sarah Siddons was getting from twelve to sixteen pounds a week, and her celebrated companions moderate salaries in proportion. If the histrionic drudges trained in London, they probably acted at some of the private theatres, such as Pym's in Wilson Street, or Durrant's in Gloucester Street, Commercial Road, E. Heedless of Garrick's remark that it is as absurd to try to make an actor by teaching as it would be to try to make a poet by the same process, they probably went to Mr. A. B. or C. of the T. R. Blank, under the vain impression that he could teach them what they wanted to know and get them engagements afterwards. The teacher may have been fairly good, according to his lights, but as an agent he was always a failure.

Those who went to a regular agent found one, and one only, in the person of a Mr. Sims, whose office was at the "Harp" public-house in Russell Street, immediately opposite the pit door of Drury Lane. His business hours

were from eleven to three, and his preliminary charge was a fee of 7s. Many, no doubt, regretted, especially ladies, that his office was at a tavern, but there it was, and had to be tolerated.

At that time (about 1825) many provincial theatres were preferable to London ones, Bath, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and the York circuit being the favourites. The smaller towns and theatres were not so desirable. At Reading, Newbury, Gosport, Guildford, and the Isle of Wight the salaries only averaged 1*l.* a week; at Exeter (for six months in the year) they reached 1*l.* 10*s.*; at Worcester, Wolverhampton, Loughborough, and Ashby-de-la-Zouch they ran from 18*s.* to 1*l.* 5*s.*; Durham, Sunderland, North and South Shields, Stockton-on-Tees, and Scarborough paid from one guinea to one guinea and a half; at Hastings, Faversham, Eastbourne, Rye, Folkestone, and Tenterden a guinea was the rule; Portsmouth, Southampton, and Winchester paid one guinea to 1*l.* 10*s.*; at Twickenham, Cobham, Mitcham, Wimbledon, and Henley-on-Thames the low price of 15*s.* was paid; Greenwich (from Christmas to Easter) paid one guinea; Lynn (open six weeks in the year, beginning February) paid from 1*l.* 5*s.* to 3*l.* 10*s.*; Edinburgh (two seasons in the year, winter and summer; open altogether about nine months) paid 1*l.* 5*s.* to 6*l.* or 7*l.*; Halifax, Derby, Retford, Nottingham, Chesterfield, Bolton, Newark, and Stamford paid one guinea to 1*l.* 5*s.*, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, Harrogate, Richmond (Yorks), and Northallerton one guinea to 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; Newport (Isle of Wight), Lymington, and Salisbury paid one guinea; Caledonian Theatre, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Perth, Dundee, and Belfast paid 1*l.* 5*s.* to two guineas; Huntingdon, Lincoln, Boston, Spalding, Grantham, Wisbeach, Newark, and Peterborough paid one guinea; Brighton and Lewes (open ten months in the year) paid 1*l.* 5*s.* to 2*l.*; Northampton, Leicester, and Uxbridge paid one guinea to 1*l.* 10*s.*; the Old Circus and the Pavilion, Liverpool, ranged from 1*l.* 10*s.* to 3*l.*; Norwich, Yarmouth, Cambridge, Colchester, Bury St. Edmunds, and Ipswich reached 1*l.* 5*s.* to 3*l.*; Stafford, Newcastle-under-Lyne, Drayton, Newport, Oswestry, Wrexham, Ashbourne, and Burton-on-Trent paid one guinea; Margate, Ramsgate, Gravesend, Sandwich, Deal, and Dover paid 1*l.* 5*s.*; Cardigan, Aberystwith, and Bishops Castle, 18*s.*; Buxton, Matlock Bath, and Bake-well, 1*l.*; and Merthyr Tydvil, Tenby, Cardiff, Aber-gavenny, and Monmouth, one guinea. It says something for the vitality of the drama that all these places had known and responsible managers, and theatres of various sizes.

All the histrionic drudges of the time, unlike the well-drilled mediocrities of to-day, were supposed to be well up in all the stock-parts of tragedy, comedy, and farce, and not to require two months' rehearsal to master a well-known character. These drudges had to provide feathers, hats, ruffs, collars, boots, shoes, swords, belts, ornaments of all descriptions, tights, white pantaloons, fleshings, sandals, wigs, stockings, buckles, and breeches. A first tragedian had to travel with complete dresses for Hamlet, Richard, Macbeth, and Rolla, a wig for Octavian, one for Othello, one for Richard, one for Lear, and a complete set of ringlets. He also had to be provided with an old English sword, a Roman sword, and a dress and regulation sword, stage hats of every description, tight pantaloons—black and white and red, blue, and green—if possible, russet boots and shoes, gauntlets, lace collars and ruffs, sword-belts, and heron's feathers for Rob Roy. The light comedian had to travel with dress-coats and steel buttons, a cavalry uniform, a dress sword, sword loop or white silk belt, an opera-hat, buckles and latchets, epaulettes, &c. The "old men" had to travel with a large stock of wigs, square-toed shoes, canes, buckles, shape-hats, feathers, and a three-cornered hat. "Country boys" had to travel with an extensive wardrobe, consisting chiefly of leathern breeches; flowered waistcoats, chiefly made of bed furniture; white flannel breeches, high-low shoes, coloured neckties, sky-blue coat, velvet coat, and white flannel coat; round hats, white and black; about twenty red wigs, short, curled, and long-haired; plenty of sticks, and blue, red, and striped stockings. The low comedians had to be provided with a Caleb Quotem's wig, a Mingle's wig, a bowl wig, a red wig, a dress wig for Linardo, old men's wigs, a skull cap, a bald-front, ruffs, collars, frills, russet boots and shoes, a countryman's coat and breeches, one or two complete shape dresses for comic servants, a servant's hatband and cockade, top-boots,

sword-belts, and one sword at least. Walking gentlemen had to follow the example of the light comedian. The ladies had even to be better provided, and to be prepared for queens, ladies of quality, tragedy, comedy, melodrama gipsies, Quakeresses, chambermaids, Indians, peasants, finding boys' dresses, and even Wellington boots, and hooped petticoats. This and more, the histrionic drudges of 1825 had to undergo in the pursuit of fame and fortune. Some achieved distinction; others sank by the roadside. Even then the dreaded phantom of the competing "Theatre of Varieties" began to make its appearance and music was the syren that lured the public from the drama. Opera and port-wine negus made what many considered an unholy alliance at "Bagnigge Wells," at Pentonville, and the "Rotunda" in the Blackfriars Road, and were denounced accordingly, in no measured terms, by those who constituted themselves the champions of the playhouses.

## REVIEWS.

### THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.\*

MR. VINCENT undertook a delicate task in writing the biography of the late Duke of Clarence, and he has executed it gracefully and more than creditably. He says civil things of everybody and everything; but perhaps that was inevitable. The task was delicate and difficult, because there was really little to be said of his Royal Highness beyond what found mention at the time of his lamented death in innumerable brief biographies. Fortunately Mr. Vincent had nowhere reason to depreciate or condemn; but he was bound to avoid fulsome eulogy. As to the Prince's talents and attainments, he takes a frank and independent line. He admits that the Prince was not extraordinarily gifted, that his mental grasp was slower and less tenacious than that of his brother, and that there was a natural inclination to indolence which might have incapacitated a less conscientious man. But he depicts a young man, pre-eminently conscientious, and who had been carefully trained to realize his responsibilities and to fulfil the duties of his high station. As for the general side of the character, that was frank, manly, and singularly engaging. The child in the nursery won the heart of his nurse, as he was beloved afterwards by all the servants at Sandringham and Marlborough House. He was an excellent son and an affectionate brother. With his personal friends, and many men of his age with whom he was brought in habitual contact, he never showed any consciousness of social inequality, though he was unpleasantly and almost prematurely reminded of his rank by being compelled to take the lead in ceremonial functions. In his tastes and recreations he was a thorough Englishman. It is true that at college the only athletic sport which he greatly cared for was hockey; but he became a fair shot, as he was a fine horseman, and was always a genial as well as a welcome guest in country houses when there were shooting or hunting parties. His letters to those more intimate friends of his throw a very pleasing light on his character. To no one did he write more freely or more easily than to Mr. Wilson. In repeated notes he anxiously excuses himself for being unable to accept an invitation to his friend's garden on the Thames on the occasion of the University race. He is obviously uneasy lest Wilson should be annoyed or mortified by the refusal. Again, he scribbles a hasty line to say he is coming to town from Aldershot on business; and, as they have met too seldom of late, he hopes Wilson may be able to arrange to come to a quiet dinner at the Marlborough. It does not seem to occur to him that, for a prince more than any one else, his old College crony should throw over other engagements.

Certainly he enjoyed rare educational advantages, and perhaps—with the exception of his brother—no young Englishman ever before received so complete, so catholic, and so exhaustive a training to fit him for any duties to which he might be called. There were obvious objections to sending the young Princes to a public school. But they went through very similar discipline as cadets in the *Britannia*, where they were treated exactly like the other lads, with the sole exceptions of slinging their hammocks in a private compartment, and being attended by Mr. Dalton as their private tutor. The protracted cruises in the *Bacchante* not only made them familiar with practical naval matters, but showed the heir-apparent the widespread colonies over which he might expect to reign, and the foreign countries with

\* *The Duke of Clarence and Avondale. A Memoir* (written by authority). By James Edward Vincent. London: John Murray. 1893.

which the English Government is in relation. As Mr. Vincent remarks, it was a proof of wise self-sacrifice in the boys' fond parents that they consented to part with their cherished children, without even the comfort of welcoming them home in holiday-times. The Prince came back all the stronger for the cruises, to enter on a course of regular intellectual work. At Sandringham, as a sort of second tutor, he had the advantage of the company of Mr. Stephen, the brilliant son of a brilliant father. At Trinity, Cambridge, he had his rooms in college, and he always looked back afterwards with pleasure on the days he had spent there as among the most enjoyable of his life. We have already noted how true he was to his college friendships. The next shifting scene made him a subaltern in the dashing 10th Hussars, of which his father was honorary colonel. He was spared none of the monotony of riding drill or the drudgery of stables; but the well-connected lieutenant managed to obtain a fair share of leave, and he varied the arduous military labours with balls and battues and gallops across country. Nor should we forget to observe that as a public speaker he shared the tact, readiness, and fluency of his father. Mr. Vincent gives a striking example. The Prince was in the chair at a charitable dinner at the Métropole. It was his habit, as was natural in a young and unpractised speaker, to make notes of the speech he was to deliver. On that occasion a zealous reporter had persuaded the kindly chairman to lend the memoranda, on the assurance that they should be returned in ample time. But the proceedings were precipitated and the pledge was unfulfilled. The Prince got up, hesitated for a sentence or two, and then, warming to his work, made a capital impromptu appeal. We may drop a veil over the painful closing scenes, when a constitution which had never been robust succumbed, amid the sympathetic excitement of a mourning nation. If his bereaved parents could be consoled for their irreparable loss, it was assuredly by the universal expression of heartfelt sympathy and sorrow.

## NOVELS.\*

THE late Mr. Wilkie Collins is evidently the exemplar upon whom Mr. Frank Barrett, perhaps unconsciously, models his style. It would be but a platitude of criticism to say that the disciple follows his master with halting and unequal steps; for the author of *The Woman in White* has not, nor ever had, a rival in the art of weaving plots, complicated and mysterious, whose solution, while defying the reader's power of anticipation, never infringed Nature's laws of possibility. Such a plot *The Woman of the Iron Bracelets* would set before us; but its double-barrelled mystery is, for all its duality, but a transparent affair, and the reader must possess the childlike simplicity of the old country doctor who tells the story if he can enter *con amore* into the ingenuous mystifications here provided for him. Who but this dear old medico, so old-fashioned that hypnotism is a sealed book to him, and that a series of articles on "Mesmerism" in the *Medical Examiner* for 1843 comes as an absolute revelation to him, could find in the mysterious influence exercised by that most transparent of villains, the Rev. Mr. Lawson, over his wife and stepdaughter, a puzzle utterly beyond his powers of solution? Who but this same child-like practitioner would allow himself and his ward to be terrified through three volumes by a charge of murder, which is eventually blown to atoms by the redoubtable agency of a back number of the *Surrey Argus*? O excellent Horace, who taught us many years ago that the *nodus* should be worthy of the *vindex*, would that your spirit could in some sort descend on a latter-day successor, who might instruct the budding novelist that the *vindex* should also be worthy of the *nodus*! The doctor, however, is not the only hunter of mares'-nests in this book; for he has a friend, introduced to us as "a shrewd man of the world, a lawyer, and a friend that we may trust," who asserts—and the author would evidently have us believe him correct in asserting—that the Rev. Mr. Lawson aforesaid proposes to murder his wife in order to marry her daughter, which proves that neither Mr. Barrett nor the shrewd lawyer of his imagining knows as much law as is contained in the "Table of Kindred and Affinity." Let Mr. Frank Barrett turn to the end of the Book of Common Prayer, and he will see that a man is as strictly forbidden "in scripture and our laws" to marry his wife's daughter as his own grandmother.

\* *The Woman of the Iron Bracelets*. By Frank Barrett. London: Chatto & Windus. 1893.

*A Step Aside*. By Gwendolen Douglas Galton (Mrs. Trench Gascoigne). London: Horace Cox. 1893.

*Bianca*. By Mrs. Bagot Harte. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

*A Comedy of Masks*. By Ernest Dowson and Arthur Moore. London: William Heinemann. 1893.

*Dr. Grey's Patient*. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney. London: Elise, Sands, & Foster. 1893.

The young ladies from America who are the two heroines, of equal importance, or no importance, of *A Step Aside* have little enough that is typically Transatlantic about them, save an intermittent indulgence in "guessing" and "calculating." Certainly they exhibit little of the aplomb supposed to be characteristic of their countrywomen in matrimonial ventures; for the elder sister marries a very cheap and conventional bigamist, a bold bad baronet of course—are not half the crimes in the country committed, according to lady-novelists, by that order of James I.'s invention? Now this Sir Eustace Devereux has a mad wife confined in an Australian lunatic asylum, but he thinks himself safe in marrying the agreeable young lady from the United States of America, because when he wedded number one his name was Bryant, "before the death of his cousin, which event had obliged him to take his name for the property." Such change of name would, we should have thought, have been within the cognizance of his neighbours and relations—would it not, indeed, have been writ large in the pages of Burke and Debrett? But his identity with Bryant is supposed to remain an impenetrable mystery to the whole countryside, until, in a highly unreasonable fit of passion, he thinks fit to turn informer against himself. Meanwhile, the younger sister allows herself to stumble into an engagement with a very wicked young nobleman, Lord Bingley by name, whose fascinations mainly consist of a pair of green eyes "with a curious catlike expression in their glossy depths," and having once given her word, she conceives it to be her duty to stick to it, though she not only detests the little lord, but is, moreover, passionately in love with a more eligible suitor, the possessor of "crisp chestnut curls and a laughing handsome face"—such being, according to lady-novelists, the invariable personal attributes of "the right sort." These young ladies, respectively the victim of circumstances and the slave of duty, having landed themselves in an *impasse* from which only the hand of death can free them, it becomes necessary to dispose summarily of their tormentors, for whom accordingly a quietus is made, in the one case by diphtheria, in the other by drowning, and the pair of sisters are left with brighter days in store. To tell the truth, if there were no more interesting characters in *A Step Aside* than its heroines and their lovers, it would be but a dull book; the pen, however, which has so conventionally sketched the young women and young men is far better employed on the portraits of two old maiden sisters, one stern and grim, the other sweet and lovable. The illness and death of the latter, told with a command of pathos all the more powerful for being absolutely unforced, forms by far the most moving episode in Mrs. Trench Gascoigne's book; indeed, the two elderly sisters, not the two young ones, are its true heroines. The mind lingers and will linger lovingly over the picture of grim old Hannah Lavendercombe tending for her dead sister's sake the flowers to whose presence in the drawing-room she had always objected, when the somewhat made-to-order sorrows of their nieces are gone clean out of mind.

Mrs. Bagot Harte lays it down in the pages of *Bianca* that "it would be a daring person who attempted to explain the actions of either a man or woman in love. For love has the most extraordinary power of rendering logical people hopelessly illogical, practical people pitifully sentimental, and decisive people astonishingly vacillating. In short, every one at that time falls to a dead level of incomprehensibility." If, therefore, we fail at times to understand the actions and motives of this young Italian lady and her English lover, Dr. Cecil Gordon, such failure is apparently only part of the author's intention. Mrs. Bagot Harte, by the way, is scarcely fair to herself if she uses the phrase "dead level" with any special reference to the story she has to tell, which is by no means deficient either in life or variety. Bianca Varonese is introduced to us as a daughter of the Marchese di Varonese, "a descendant of the renowned artist Paolo Varonese," from which lineage (considerations of orthography apart) we should have expected to find her bearing the surname of Cagliari; but our author is somewhat ill informed or careless on matters of Italian nomenclature, which is the more unfortunate in that so many of her characters and scenes are of that nationality. Bianca, who strikes us at the first start as being as pleasant a young woman as ever gave her name to work of fiction, behaves with unaccountable wrongheadedness over the matter of her marriage; indeed, the elderly moneyed vulgarian she espouses seems at that juncture of events far too good for her. But it would be sheer waste of time to attempt to bring to book the characters of an author who lays down the propositions we have quoted above. The critic may surely be pardoned if he hesitates to rush in where Mrs. Bagot Harte considers it "daring" to tread.

*A Comedy of Masks* is a remarkable novel—remarkable, too, for more reasons than one. Its title-page, bearing, as it does,

the names of two authors, Mr. Ernest Dowson and Mr. Arthur Moore, refutes the assertion so often levelled at English writers of fiction—namely, that they are incapable of collaboration, or at any rate establishes itself as the exception by which that rule may be proved. But whether it had been the product of one pen or of two, this book would compel attention by its masterly knowledge of men and things; by its tone of, if one may be permitted the antithesis, sympathetic cynicism, and by the manner in which the characteristics of the *dramatis persone* are duly and naturally evolved by the events, not (as is the scheme of most novelists) labelled on their wearers in the largest type and then surrounded by a group of events, too obviously made to order, for their accentuation. There is a character, for instance—by no means one of the most important ones, by the way—in Messrs. Dowson and Moore's book of a priggish barrister, a very well-drawn reproduction of a type to be found in plenty any day at the Temple or Lincoln's Inn. A crisis in the affairs, not of himself, but of others, develops in this man unsuspected qualities of rectitude which give him a far higher title to our esteem; and yet the behaviour which so promotes him is the absolutely natural result of his less amiable characteristics under the special circumstances of the situation. This is character-painting with a far finer brush than that of the average writer of fiction, or even of many writers above the average. The story of *A Comedy of Masks* is built around a tremendous act of self-sacrifice, whereby a man, loving a married woman with a pure and passionless devotion, takes upon himself the responsibility and odium of a low and scandalous liaison, when the real culprit is that woman's worthless husband. The scene in which this climax is reached is a powerful one, though there is perhaps a suspicion of staginess about it. It is undoubtedly interesting, in this connexion, to note how much more readily these acts of self-sacrifice lend themselves to the hand of the novelist than to that of the playwright. Some years ago a very similar "situation" was made the crucial point of a now forgotten play, a play not without merit in some respects, by Mr. W. S. Gilbert; but in this case the abruptness of the avowal—for neither in novel nor play does the occasion admit of hesitation—produced a burst of unsympathetic laughter, and the fate of *The Ne'er-do-weel* was sealed from that moment. Messrs. Dowson and Moore, on the other hand, by devoting, as they do, and are quite right in doing, some six pages to a consideration of the impulses which lead up to their hero's self-sacrifice, achieve success where the dramatist so signally failed. For the rest, these two authors show themselves to be exceptionally well equipped for the task of novel-writing—they can devise an individuality unusual and somewhat apart from the ordinary normal pattern of humanity without producing an unnatural monstrosity—their characters, in a word, even when most strongly drawn, are characters, not caricatures; while they are equally at home at the quaint old dry-dock down the river where the story opens, among the coterie of artists at the little Soho restaurant, and in the polite drawing-rooms of the West End. Of a literary partnership so promising as that begun (so far as we are aware) by this work we hope to hear again, and to hear often.

Mrs. G. S. Reaney possesses certain of the qualifications which stand a novelist in good stead. She can invent a fairly interesting set of *dramatis persone*, and can, moreover, involve her puppets in most complex disasters; but unfortunately, when it is necessary to get the creatures of her brain out of their troubles, she has but one expedient—death. We scarce remember three volumes so choked with deathbeds—or deaths without beds—as are those of *Dr. Grey's Patient*. "When in doubt, kill" is, no doubt, a simple way of emerging from a story-teller's no-thoroughfare; but it is a pity, even in the most "make-believe" of tales, to cheapen the effect of the most tremendous way out of all difficulties. Not that there is more make-believe in Mrs. Reaney's pages than we generally find in novels (some of her characters—the heroine's weak dipsomaniac mother, for instance—are sketched with decided cleverness), though the author is, like others of her craft who lack experience, apt to over-emphasize the extremes of virtue and vice. It is as hard to believe in the preposterously wicked Mr. Rudolph Castledon, who is always endeavouring to abduct the heroine in true transpontine fashion, as it is to go along with all that young lady's outpourings of soul when she has found salvation at a mission service. Such faults as these, however, practice will mend, and, as Mrs. G. S. Reaney's merits as a writer far outweigh her demerits, she should be encouraged in pursuing a practice from which even higher results than *Dr. Grey's Patient* may not unreasonably be expected.

## MR. W. H. SMITH.\*

IT was, in the nature of things, inevitable that the biographer of William Henry Smith, however conscientious and communicative, should be able to add but little to our knowledge of the man, to our understanding of his character, and our familiarity with the series of events which carried him from the management of a successful business to the Presidency of Senates and the Council Chamber of statesmen. The story is one which every Englishman knows by heart. The character is one of such transparent simplicity, so free from ambiguities or inconsistencies, so devoid of the excesses and irregularities of genius, so free from the ordinary lapses of human infirmity, so uniform alike in its excellence and its mediocrity, that the story of the man's career, even when told by as expert and sympathetic a narrator as Sir Herbert Maxwell, gives us no further insight into motive or disposition than we already possessed, and leaves on the mind merely a strengthened impression that his contemporaries' verdict was adequate and just, and that the more his private history is scrutinized, the less reason does there appear for questioning its adequacy or its justice. The qualities which gave Mr. W. H. Smith, almost in his own despite, so prominent a place in public life, and so marked an ascendancy among his fellow-men, are those which the most commonplace Englishman can understand and appreciate. They are, in fact, those with which the great mass of Englishmen are familiar as the recognized conditions of success in life—the qualities of the ideal virtuous apprentice—diligence in business, judgment and good sense in action, unwavering integrity, rational and well-ordered piety—excellent characteristics, of course, but not enough, it might be thought, to explain an almost unexampled rise from a middle-class level to positions of the utmost dignity and importance. The explanation is that, not only were these valuable gifts combined in Mr. Smith's character in rare perfection, but they were supplemented by others which, in the circumstances of the case, enormously enhanced the value and importance of each and all. It was his lot to confront one of the most troubled periods that English politics have ever known. A series of great questions—the Irish Church, the Irish Land question, and Home Rule—had stirred the waters of Parliamentary strife to their very lowest depth. Mr. Parnell's stormy genius gave new intensity to the struggle. A great tragedy in Dublin deepened the general sense of the gravity of the situation, and of the nearness of the evils which endangered society. Systematic obstruction had strained our Parliamentary machinery almost to the point of breaking down. A great party abandoned its traditional policy, and a split in the camp engendered hotter animosity than naturally pertains to a political combat. Never had the spirit of faction risen higher; never had political intrigue more shaken men's beliefs in their party and their leaders; never was the political atmosphere in a more highly electrical condition. At such a period Mr. W. H. Smith's especial qualifications became absolutely invaluable—his sweetness of temper, his entire lack of personal ambition, his simplicity of purpose, his disinterested loyalty to his party, his single-aimed desire to serve the State. The eyes of all men naturally turned to a leader who was incapable alike of intrigue or resentment, whose darkest secret was a little surreptitious church-building, and who would have been sincerely thankful had the vicissitudes of party-fight relieved him from the unwelcome responsibilities of an eminent position, and restored him to the enjoyments of private life—his home, his family, his garden, and his yacht.

Sir Herbert Maxwell has found a congenial task in the portraiture of this simple, honourable and lovable character. Mr. Smith's youth was not without its troubles, but troubles of a gentler order than fall to the lot of average mankind. His home was sternly Puritanic. His mother's terror at a wicked world cost him the advantage of a public school and University education. There was a little struggle over the Church or chapel question, settled at last by a compromise, which allowed the young people to receive the sacrament at church once a month, bending on other Sundays to the parental taste for Wesleyan ministrations. The father, a somewhat masterful and, in his latter years, irascible old gentleman, made heavy demands on the son's tact and loyalty. He put a stern veto on the boy's desire to prepare himself for clerical life, and drove him, much against his will, to take an active share in a business which, year by year, was becoming less manageable by a single head. Young Smith accepted courageously the necessities of the position, and soon rivalled his father in administrative zeal. In 1854 the abolition of the Newspaper Stamp Duty gave an immense stimulus to the demand for newspapers, and thus to Messrs. Smith's opera-

\* *Life and Times of the Right Hon. William Henry Smith, M.P.* By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. 2 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons, 1893.

tions; and in the same year their supremacy as newsagents was assured by the decision of the *Times* to give them a preference, which practically amounted to a monopoly, in the distribution of that journal. The young partner grappled vigorously with the increasing labours of his post. His custom at this time of life was to rise at four in the morning, to be at his duties in the Strand by five; and there are persons still in the business who can remember him, the central figure in the paper-sorting office, with coat off, shirt-sleeves rolled back, hands and arms deeply dyed with printers' ink off the wet sheets, himself a stimulating example of energy to the little army of employes whose energies he was organizing and directing. About this period the system of mural advertisements in railway stations began to be in vogue, and Messrs. Smith's promptitude in seizing upon the idea, and their energy in realizing it, must, we fear, be held largely responsible for this addition to the hideousness of modern life. Subsequent developments, such as the bookstall system and a practically ubiquitous lending-library, expanded the business into proportions which have given it a prominent place among the huge commercial enterprises of modern times.

Mr. Smith's valuable qualities soon made themselves felt beyond the circle of his own affairs. His clerical aspirations took the form of church-building on a magnificent scale. His associates in organizing the Bishop of London's Fund and other useful projects discovered the sort of man with whom they had to deal. We find Lord Harrowby, twenty years later, speaking of his friendship with Mr. Smith as "one of the charms of my public life, which has only strengthened under the strain of business and the advance of years, and must now become more and more precious as years go on." The same happy faculty of inspiring and preserving cordial friendships was, no doubt, one of the secrets of Mr. Smith's Parliamentary influence. Even his opponents regarded him with a latent fondness. "You know," a Gladstonian member observed to a supporter of the Conservative Government, "that you have an immense advantage over us; for your fellows hate the Grand Old Man; but, confound it, who can help liking 'Old Morality'?" The popularity was well deserved; for, in every position alike, Mr. Smith's kindly consideration for the feelings of others showed itself in acts which gave assurance of a friend. The guests at his Parliamentary dinners found their places so arranged that the younger members should have an opportunity of making acquaintance with their leaders. The permanent officials found that their interests were not forgotten, and that no effort was spared to lighten their labours. The humblest employé was not overlooked. At the War Office Mr. Smith's private secretary observed that his Chief, on leaving office for the country, used to pack a despatch-box with papers and take it with him, and suggested that he would save himself trouble by leaving them to be packed in the usual official "pouch," and forwarded by post. Mr. Smith, after a moment's hesitation, was driven to explain the arrangement.

"Well, my dear Wilson," he said, "the fact is this: our postman, who brings the letters from Henley, has plenty to carry. I watched him, one morning, coming up the approach with my heavy pouch in addition to his usual load, and I determined to save him as much as I could."

It was inevitable that such a character should be a favourite object with the clamorous horde which is ever on the look-out for extraneous assistance. A full half of Mr. Smith's private correspondence consisted, his biographer tells us, of begging letters. All received careful consideration. No man could, when the occasion demanded, act with more lavish generosity. On the other hand, none had a juster sense of the evils of promiscuous and ill-considered almsgiving. Some of the candidates for Mr. Smith's benevolence must, one would think, have sorely tried even his serenity. "The bearer of this," so runs one of these appeals, "is an earnest Christian young man. He is at present employed in a wine-cellar, an occupation altogether unsuited to his tastes now that he has become a new man in Christ Jesus." Cant of this order was little likely to impose on the sturdy good sense which Mr. Smith brought to bear on every transaction, great or small. "Charity!" he exclaims, to Sir Henry Acland, who was talking of giving up his yacht in order to devote a portion of its cost to charitable purposes, "how much mischief has been done in the name of charity!" and he then went on to point out that to dismantle the vessel, dismiss the crew, and so far diminish the wage fund, would do far more harm than could be compensated by any so-called charitable employment of the money. "Charity," he adds, "is often most mischievous." On the other hand, no man loved more to employ his wealth with a free hand whenever a really useful object presented itself. Having accidentally heard of Canon Jacob's project of rebuilding his parish church at Portsea, Mr. Smith at once

gave it a generous support, sedulously preserving the anonymous character of the gift; nor did his zeal relax till, mainly thanks to his substantial contribution of 29,000*l.*, the project had been carried to successful accomplishment. The same public-spirited generosity in the employment of money was noticeable in his relations to the world of business. Much of the success of the firm in the earlier days of its greatness was due to a lavish expenditure in whatever direction money was essential to improvement or development. Mr. Lidderdale gives a striking account of his interview, as Governor of the Bank of England, with Mr. W. H. Smith at the time of the Baring crisis, and of the courageous promptitude with which his exposition of the emergency was met:—"When I was led by some remark of his to say, 'I fear, sir, you do not appreciate the gravity of the position,'" he replied, 'You are mistaken, and to prove it, I will myself send you a cheque for 100,000*l.* to-morrow morning, if you tell me to do so.'" "This 100,000*l.*," adds Mr. Lidderdale, "was to be Mr. Smith's contribution towards averting the danger with which our finance was threatened, and it was offered some hours before the guarantee fund was started." On the whole, we suspect that a large fortune has seldom been more generously and wisely employed.

Any notice of Mr. Smith's life would be incomplete and misleading that failed to emphasize the large space which religious feeling occupied in his thoughts. Englishmen are reticent on such subjects, and the letters in which these topics occur are of so confidential a nature that one grudges their exposure to the public eye. They make it clear, however, that the main inspiring and controlling force of his life was a strong natural piety, and a religious standard to which every action was conscientiously referred. His critical self-searchings, his dependence on his own prayers and those of his friends, his self-reproach for habits or conduct which he regarded as falling short of the level which strict duty enjoined, are constantly reminding us that this vigorous, prosperous, and overworked man, standing in the very vortex of public life, and beset with all the anxieties of a tumultuous political crisis, was at heart not so much a statesman as a saint. Saintliness is not a form of perfection which the average Englishman especially admires; it breathes to him an aroma of weakness, extravagance, or cant. The least sympathetic Englishman may, however, admit that in Mr. Smith's case religious sentiment of exceptional intensity co-existed with, if it did not actually produce, qualities which were of signal service to the State, and will be remembered by his countrymen with affection and respect.

#### FRENCH JANSENISTS.\*

SOME years ago Mrs. Tollemache (who puts her name to the preface, though not to the title-page, of the present volume) wrote an interesting book on *Spanish Mystics*; she has now written another on *French Jansenists*. The scheme is personal rather than methodic; and the book is divided into sections devoted respectively to Jansen, Saint-Cyran, Mère Angélique, Antoine Arnauld, Le Maître de Saci, Nicole, Pascal, Tillemont, and Quésnel. Mrs. Tollemache's plan is to begin each section with a short anthology from the translated writings of the subject, and then to follow it up with a biography mainly personal in character, but indicating the connexion of each man or woman with the general history of Jansenism and of Port Royal. It is natural that the articles on Saint-Cyran, the Arnaulds, and Pascal should occupy more room than the others—indeed, the other five would go all together into the space accorded to any one of these four. And it is also natural that the author should not attempt to cover the immense range which such a subject as Pascal presents in itself, but should confine herself chiefly or wholly to his religious aspect. The book, however, is interesting and well done. We note a very few slips of the historical kind; in one passage, for instance, there is an apparent, though possibly not more than "clerical," confusion between Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. Sometimes, to a severely critical eye, Mrs. Tollemache may seem a little insensible to the strict relative value of authorities. But she has apparently read most things that ought to be read about her subject. She has visited Port Royal and the other holy places of Jansenism with pious care; and she has composed in consequence a very readable and agreeable book, which will probably tell the average reader as much as he wants to know, and which is not unworthy of being read by those who already know something, or even a good deal, of the matter.

In one sense, of course, *tout est dit* about Port Royal. Even without taking Sainte-Beuve's *opus magnum* into account, and

\* *French Jansenists*. By the Author of "Many Voices" and "Spanish Mystics." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

still more when account has been taken of it, the not very long and not extremely eventful or important history of the quarrel between Jesuits and Jansenists, and the dishonest triumph of the former, has been thrashed and ransacked, written, criticized, and re-written till it may seem that the subject is exhausted. There are, however, certain subjects which are never quite exhausted; and this may, perhaps, claim to be one of them. Even those to whom the Jansenist temper is not sympathetic, who think that Port Royal played into the hands of its enemies by being or trying to be righteous overmuch, by attempting a position in reference to ecclesiastical authority which was not tenable within the Roman Church and in other ways, must acknowledge the intellectual and moral eminence of its greatest names. Even those who care very little for any remnant of the struggle except the *Provinciales* must admit that seldom has such bitter and relentless persecution been exercised on any sect or body by their co-religionists for such apparently slight, abstract, and unimportant causes. And when the singular resemblances and differences of the Port Royalists as compared with their contemporaries and successors in other countries are called into consideration, when the bearing of the whole controversy on the national character and history of France is considered, and when other fascinating topics of the same kind are taken in, the general interest of the subject will probably be granted even by those who do not, on the whole, wish that the distinguishing temper and tenets of Jansenism should have prevailed, or should prevail either in France or in any other country.

Of the ethico-theological nucleus and dependence of the quarrel Mrs. Tollemache does not say much, nor need we busy ourselves greatly with it. Few orthodox theologians of any branch of the Catholic Church we should suppose would deny that the "Five Propositions" as stated are heretical; while few impartial religious philosophers would regard them as otherwise than highly dangerous to any rational and healthy form of religion and morals, and very likely to breed things extremely unhealthy and irrational. But this was the least part of the matter. As is well known, the Jansenist line of defence was by no means that of a vindication of the Five Propositions, which, on the contrary, they utterly denied to be Jansen's. We cannot undertake to say how many people now living have journeyed through the enormous and arid wastes of the *Augustinus* with such measured steps and such prying eyes as might enable them to declare positively that it nowhere contains the Propositions or their equivalents. Mrs. Tollemache does not pretend to have made any such examination, nor do we. Further, we cannot see that, except for curiosity, or to complete this particular part of a theological education, there is the slightest need for anybody to do so. For the other side had only to indicate the whereabouts of the propositions or their equivalents; and this, it is very well known, they never succeeded in doing. Nay, they had finally to make a practical anticipation of two centuries in the development of the doctrine of Papal infallibility by laying it down that, since the Pope said the Propositions were there, they were there, and anybody who denied the fact was as much a heretic as if he had questioned the decision of Rome on a question of abstract orthodoxy. When one side behaves in this manner on a question not of universal or commanding interest, the secure world judges without troubling itself much further that this side is in the wrong, and there this part of the matter may be left.

This is, however, except from the merest point of view of the Schools, a matter of infinitely less interest than the tone and temper of mind and soul which are exhibited in these the palmy days of Jansenism. Later in the eighteenth century it underwent the metamorphosis which sets not dominant and unsupported by a great historical tradition are wont to undergo. The half-concealed Jansenists who led a kind of smothered and subterranean existence between the *philosophes* party on the one hand and the corrupt *abbés* and bishops on the other in Voltairian days, were sometimes men of austere morals, and sincere if narrow piety. But they always verged upon moroseness; and it may be at least suspected that, as no less stout a Tory High Churchman than Johnson confessed of their opposites and analogues at once, the English Non-jurors, they sometimes more than verged upon hypocrisy. The Jansenist of the Port Royal times was a different kind of being. At one time it may be said—at even more than one—it was on the cards that his school might become the dominant one in France, and not wholly impossible that it might revolutionize Roman Catholicism in great part of Europe. He or she (for the feminine element in the party was unusually strong and probably contributed to its instability and downfall) was moreover animated by the intensest conviction, by the most fervent piety, and by a veritable reforming (as distinct from merely innovating) zeal. The spectacle of one of the greatest intellects—perhaps the very greatest intellect—of his time, submitting as Pascal did to

persons infinitely his inferiors, the singular alternations of serving and commanding in the life of *Mère Angélique*, and the intrepidity with which she undertook such a task as the disciplining of the reprobate nuns of Maubuisson, were things which could be inspired by no mean or ordinary *fad* or fancy. This kind neither comes in nor goes out without some extraordinary working of the human soul.

And yet, despite this something more than ordinary, despite all its fervour of conviction, its learning, its logic, and its good works, despite the one great genius and the many remarkable talents which illustrated it, despite the cruelty and injustice with which it was treated, and the baseness of the means and the instruments employed for its suppression, there was something wanting, something un-Catholic, about Jansenism. It had the *differentia* of the sect as opposed to that of the Church; the excessive and, so to speak, indecent anxiety about the fortunes of the individual soul. This has been the note of all the Calvinist, and of most Protestant, communities; of our own Puritans, of the Methodists of the last century, of the Evangelicals of this, and of persons who derived from them like Newman and other converts to Rome. It has been observed that, in the central, the most authoritative, the least controversial formula of the Christian Church—the Apostles' Creed—there is absolutely nothing about the believer's personal salvation. He believes in the Judgment, in the forgiveness of sins, in the life everlasting. He believes in the Holy Catholic Church and the Communion of Saints. But he is neither assertive nor curious about what "he is to have"—about his personal and private chances. No doubt he hopes to be, and to remain, in the Communion, to share the life everlasting, to stand on the right side in the Judgment of the quick and the dead. But his eyes are first fixed on God and the Church—not on himself.

With the Jansenists, as with the other similar bodies whom we have above enumerated, all this is reversed. It would be unfair and outrageous, doubtless, to say that even a Jansenist in the mood of Pascal when he wrote the gloomiest of the *Pensées*, and the famous "Amulet," even an English Puritan or Evangelical when he was first doubtful of, and then confident of, his election, deliberately considered the Deity as existing for the purpose of saving his particular soul. But it is not unfair to say that he was very apt to consider the Church as a machine designed with that sole purpose. And while this view almost always blinded him to the true metaphysical conception of the Church itself, and constantly rendered him utterly indifferent to its continuity, its catholicity, its constitution and discipline, it had also an effect which was not wholly agreeable, and which we are disposed to think the reverse of wholly healthy, on his mental and moral attitude. It led him to a practically Manichean distinction between "worldly" things and others; it encouraged either an abject fear or a pharisaical pride; it induced a close, morbid, airless atmosphere over his soul. These things were, and are, the curse of the Evangelical type (which, by accident or logically, has also for the most part been the ultra-Augustinian) in all the last four centuries; and we cannot say that the Jansenist variety escaped it.

#### BOOKS OF AMERICAN SPORT.\*

THOSE who, fortunately for themselves, have not read Mr. Roosevelt's former books will be delighted with *The Wilderness Hunter*; to the many who have read and enjoyed them there may be a certain lack of freshness, for almost inevitably he not unfrequently repeats himself. His rancho is near the Bad Lands of Northern Montana, and he has been continually hunting big game, either for pleasure or in the way of business. He has made innumerable expeditions with "cattle outfits," or from sheer love of sport; in either case the camp larders must be supplied, and in his varied experiences he has ranged from the borders of the British territory down to the flowery prairies of Texas and the prickly chapparrals of New Mexico.

The book begins with admirably picturesque sketches of the settlement of the wilds and wastes, and of the daring pioneers of Western adventure. It would be difficult to exaggerate the hardships and dangers which these men of iron had to face. They crossed vast waterless plains; they groped their way by gorges and ravines over almost inaccessible mountains; and in all

\* *The Wilderness Hunter: an Account of the Big Game of the United States.* By Theodore Roosevelt, Author of "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman." New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893.

*American Big-Game Hunting: the Book of the Boone and Crockett Club.* Edited by Theodore Roosevelt and George Bird Grinnell. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1893.

circumstances, wherever they hunted or trapped, they were hunted in their turn by ferocious Indians. Even now that the country has been generally pacified we cannot envy the settlers between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains. All seasons exaggerate their worst features in a climate that is simply detestable. The sun scorches in the summers; the cold in the winters is intense. A gale is apt to blow up into a cyclone, and sometimes changes into a piercing blizzard, before which the cattle will drift for hundreds of miles. The hunters in the fall, which is the best shooting season, are apt to be surprised in their mountain camps by the premature arrival of the snow-storms. At all times they depend on straight shooting for filling their camp-kettles and satisfying their hunger. Mr. Roosevelt records more than one incident when lives depended on a long shot; when the fingers were numbed by the cold, and the enfeebled body was trembling from over-exertion. But all that he declares to be the charm of the sport, and to make it attractive there must be more or less of the element of danger.

Naturally almost all the larger animals have been greatly reduced in numbers, since the ranchers and farmers with their rifles and revolvers have replaced the Indians with their bows and lances. The Legislature interfered too late to save the buffalo from extermination, and, to-day, besides the half-tamed herd in the Yellowstone Park, there is but a handful of wood buffaloes in the remote recesses of the Rockies. The only species of the bigger game which has increased is the wild goat, thanks to a change of fashion in the wigwams of the Red men. Formerly they used to go clad in goat skins like Robinson Crusoe, now they wear the blankets of New England or Yorkshire. But deer, more especially the whitetails, are still fairly plentiful and almost universal. When Mr. Roosevelt wants savoury meat for his cowboys he goes out in search of whitetail venison in the thick covers of brushwood which fringe the streams in the bottoms within sight of his verandah; but still hunting or stalking through wood is extremely ticklish work, for the ears of the deer are as quick as their nostrils are sensitive. But, like roe in Scotland, they will often lie close, and, waiting to start up till almost trodden upon, will give an easy running shot. The prong-horned antelopes scattered over the plains are still more difficult of approach. Very often they are only too numerous; but when one group gives signs of uneasiness all the others take the alarm. Nor are men or four-footed beasts of prey their only enemies. A friend of Mr. Roosevelt once saw a buck beset by a couple of war-eagles, who seemed likely to get the best of it had he not interfered; and that, if we may rely, as we presume, on the truth of the tale, is a remarkable fact in natural history. Not very many miles' ride from his rancho Mr. Roosevelt can hunt the cliff-loving bighorn, although the hills in the Bad Lands are by no means high. That country seems well to deserve its name; and, indeed, Mr. Roosevelt calls it a Devil's Wilderness. The jumbled eminences of clay are seamed and cracked by the heat and tunnelled by the rains. "The glare from the bare clay walls dazzled the eye; the air was burning. I saw nothing living except the rattlesnakes, of which there were very many." Whether hunting there or in the Rockies he thinks himself well rewarded for several days' hard work by a single sheep. And the pursuit in the Rockies is dangerous even to a practised mountaineer when he must tread the slopes of slippery ledges and seek for almost invisible foothold on the smooth faces of precipices. The worst is that the prize when obtained may be worthless. For the mutton, though excellent in the season, is matter of comparative indifference; and the ponderous horns are likely to be shattered by a fall of a few hundred feet on the rocks. But *à propos* of horns, there are none to approach in size or spread those of the wapiti elk. At their best, they must, indeed, be a magnificent trophy; and Mr. Roosevelt has a drawing in which a neck, head, and horns dwarf his own figure as he is standing upright. Consequently the battles of the wapiti bulls are terrible, and no animal is more pugnacious. In the rutting time the bellowing resounds far and wide, and each challenge is sure to be promptly answered. The wapiti at bay makes a formidable charge with lowered head, and the only chance of escape is either dropping him to the bullet or skipping to one side. The moose, which is timid unless chased and cornered, has almost as tremendous a weapon in his forefeet. The strokes of the razor-like hoofs are deadly, and it is said that a cow fighting for her calf will often baffle the most powerful of the *carnivora*, and even the grizzly bear himself. Mr. Roosevelt explains what a moose yard really is, throwing some light on the matter which is new to us. He says it is not strictly a yard, but simply a retreat in the forest where the spruce boughs are abundant, and where there may be some shelter from the storms. In comparatively temperate regions the moose scarcely yards at all. When disturbed in their privacy,

they will go straight ahead, and the hunter may sometimes follow on his snow-shoes for days. It will be easily believed that, when he does run down his game, there is no danger from the fore-hoofs, for the heavy animal is utterly exhausted.

Next to the more common species of deer, the black bear appears to be most generally distributed. He is still to be found even in Maine, in the highlands of New York, and in New England. So in the semi-tropical Southern States he is an inhabitant of the cane-brakes and the rice-swamps. As he adapts himself to all circumstances and climates, he is not particular as to diet. He will make prize of anything full, from a grown bull to a field-mouse. Both he and his more powerful congener, the grizzly, are passionately fond of fruit and berries, as both enjoy beetles and insects. Mr. Roosevelt gives a humorous picture of a grizzly solemnly turning over logs and stones in search of a breakfast, though with earnestness inconsistent with his dignified aspect. When with his giant strength he has rolled over a tree-trunk, he is instantly down on all fours, grabbing greedily at the vermin as they attempt to escape. Old Ephraim, as the trappers were wont familiarly to call him, used to be the terror of the boldest mountain men. In fact, if they missed a shot with their primitive single-barrelled pieces, or merely wounded the bear, they were absolutely at his mercy. In those early days, if mountain tradition may be believed, he was constantly in the habit of assuming the offensive. Now, it would seem, he has grown shyer with sad experience; he appreciates the improvements in modern firearms, and never stops for a fight if he can possibly sneak away. The grizzlies are said to lay on fat in favourable circumstances, and fall quickly away in flesh on short commons, like domestic pigs. Being bulky and corpulent, the deer and antelope can generally elude them, and sometimes an elderly bear will become indolent and take to systematic cattle-lifting like the Indian tiger. One of these inveterate cattle-thieves infested Mr. Roosevelt's rancho. He shifted his quarters, developed extraordinary wariness, and would lie in wait for the cattle at their various drinking-places. So that it was long before the nuisance was abated, though the whole corps of sporting cowboys was on the look-out. Mr. Roosevelt says that the grizzly always trusts to teeth and claws. He does not credit the old stories of hugging; though doubtless Ephraim may use his forearms to bring the victim within comfortable reach of his teeth. And with bears, as with other beasts, he declares that it is unsafe to lay down any universal laws as to their courage or cowardice. Bears, or bison, or elks resemble man; one individual may be bold to ferocity, and ready to face anything, while another will be as ready to turn tail and take to flight. Yet a single-handed encounter with the grizzly must always be dangerous, owing to his extraordinary tenacity of life. With a bullet lodged in the lower part of his heart, he may kill you before he succumbs. Mr. Roosevelt relates one experience of his own; when firing thrice in rapid succession he inflicted three mortal wounds. The bear charged home, nevertheless, leaving pools of his own bright blood behind him, to collapse and roll over, like a shot rabbit, at his enemy's feet, when Mr. Roosevelt was jamming fresh cartridges into his magazine rifle. It will be seen that the handsome volume is extremely exciting, and the chapters are illustrated by many photographs and clever sketches.

*American Big-Game Hunting* is a collection of articles by members of the Boone and Crockett Club. We could have wished that the Club had been formed some twenty years sooner, as one of its objects is the preservation of big game and forests. Much irreparable mischief has been done; however, we may say Better late than never, and the Association seems to be doing excellent work in the way of encouraging preserves and reservations. The volume reminds us of the early series of the *Peaks and Passes* of our own Alpine Club. For most of the writers feel bound to be facetious; and, though the gift of humour is freely bestowed on Americans, we have evidence here that it is not universal. However, some of the contributions are capital, and, as a rule, the oldest reminiscences are the most exciting. But there is an interesting recent account of shooting the white goat in his own country, which lies to the east of Puget Sound, and somewhat to the south of the British frontier. "Old Times in the Black Hills" takes us back to the days when the hunter carried his life in his hand among Sioux and Blackfeet out upon the warpath. There is a marvellous tale of a mortally wounded buck at bay which nearly finished the author and a couple of powerful hounds. "Big Game in the Rockies" covers a wider range, and is also very good, though the latter-day sportsman must sigh when he hears of a single herd of 1,500 elks. And we should say it was a rare experience in bear-shooting when the sportsman at mirk midnight sat perched on the low bough of a spruce, with three grizzlies on the prowl beneath him, when he could hear, though he could not see, them, although

they almost touched his feet. He killed one and hit another, and he skinned the fallen victim in the darkness while its wounded companion was growling furiously in a thicket close by, keeping him in mortal apprehension of a deadly charge.

#### SEVENTY YEARS OF IRISH LIFE.\*

MR. LE FANU apologizes, in his preface, for the shortcomings of his first and only book. It does certainly require a considerable amount of courage to enter the arena of literature in one's eight-and-seventieth year, as he has done. But those—and they are many—who have for years past listened to the ceaseless flow of anecdote and humour which fell from his lips would have felt a lifelong regret had the wit and wisdom which have made him celebrated in Ireland been preserved by no other record than the affectionate memory of his friends. And, while the favourable reception of the matter was thus assured, no one could doubt but that the descendant of Sheridan and the brother of the author of *Uncle Silas* would show the same literary faculty, even in a first attempt, which is conspicuous in his family. A remarkably vivid and accurate memory, keen powers of observation, and opportunities, multiplied both by avocation and choice of recreation, for mixing with the quaintest peasantry in the world, have not been thrown away. But the anecdotes of fishing-boys and the humorous sayings of countrymen are interspersed with reminiscences of many distinguished names, and many a valuable side-light on interesting characters strikes through the purely farcical stories. Nor will those who desire to understand the Irish problem fail to find much food for reflection in the experiences of one who can remember the state of the country as far back as 1820, who has had an unpleasantly close acquaintance with the tithe war of 1831, and has witnessed personally the famous faction fights that are almost, if not quite, a thing of the past. As is almost inevitable, some few of the stories have figured as chestnuts amongst us for many years; but this is due in no small degree to the brilliant conversational powers of Mr. Le Fanu himself, who helped to popularize them years ago. And, as is ever the case with the true humourist, there is an undercurrent of pathos running through Mr. Le Fanu's fun; and ever and again it crops up naturally amongst the laughable tales, and will attract some even more than these. What more interesting and picturesque picture could be imagined than that he draws of his mother, when a girl, stealing the dagger through which Lord Edward Fitzgerald lost his life? Major Swan, who had been instrumental in his capture, possessed the relic, and regarded it as a proud trophy. The young Irish girl, with an enthusiastic admiration for a gallant, if mistaken, man, when she saw the dagger "in the hands with which Lord Edward had striven in the last fatal struggle for life or death," felt it was not rightfully his who held it, and wished it were away from them. She marked the spot where it was kept in his drawing-room, and one evening, while a party of friends were assembled there, she tells us, "I seized it, and thrust it into my bosom, inside my stays." When she got home she hid it amongst the feathers of her feather-bed. For more than twelve years she nightly slept upon it there, and when she left home she took it with her, and "it was her companion during all the vicissitudes of her life." It is like a page of Scott to read of the impulsive girl's hardihood, and the cleverness with which her secret was preserved. The story of the "Ilchester oak" is another little bit of romance, and, we learn, has supplied a novelist with a plot already. "Shemus O'Brien" and "Phaudrig Crohoore," two poems by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, are here also again given to the public. They cannot be given too often, and not the least debt we owe to our author is that he has published in a book where they are more likely to attract general attention verses instinct with genius and poetry of the purest description.

Mixed with such as these, that bring the smile perilously near the tear, are numerous instances of the comicalities that seem to bubble quite naturally from the ready-witted inhabitants of the distressful country. Only the other day, Mr. Le Fanu tells us, a man was knocked down by the buffer of an engine near Bray station, while some waggons were being shunted. "He was stunned for a moment, but very slightly hurt. The porters ran to his assistance. One of them said, 'Bring him to the station at once.' He thought they meant the police-station. 'What do you want to take me to the station for?' said he. 'You know who I am; and if I've done any damage to your d—d machine, sure I'm able to pay for

it.' Many as are the anecdotes that have been told of Irish jarvises, many new ones now appear, and nothing better than some of them has ever seen light. Father O'Dwyer, the parish priest of Enniakerry, gave a carman, who had driven him home on a wet day, a glass of whisky. He begged for another glass. Father O'Dwyer, who knew that the man was rather too fond of spirits, refused, and, still holding the decanter in his hand, said, "Every glass of that you drink is a nail in your coffin." "Why, then, your reverence," said the man, "as you have the hammer in your hand, you might as well drive another nail in it." The priest, who always figures in stories of Irish life, appears again over the page giving a glass of brandy to a carman who complained of not feeling well. "How do you feel now? Didn't that make another man of you?" "Bedad it did, your reverence; and the other man would like a glass too," was the ready reply. Again, we read of a drunken man, whom a friend was trying to bring to his home some miles away, and who was reeling from one side of the road to the other. Says the friend, "Come on, Pat, come on; the road is long." "I know it is long," says Pat, "but it isn't the length of it, but the breadth of it, that is killing me." Did ever a bull more native to the soil browse than this? "An old lady getting into a cab in Grafton Street, in Dublin, was heard to say to the driver, 'Help me to get in, my good man, for I'm very old.' 'Begorra, ma'am,' said he, 'no matter what age you are, you don't look it.'" The reminiscences of some of the celebrities Mr. Le Fanu has been intimate with in the course of a long life will have greater interest for many, and form, perhaps, the most valuable part of the pages before us. Amongst others of Archbishop Whately, perhaps the following is the most amusing. Charles Lever, the novelist, was walking with him and two curates, X. and Z., in the Phoenix Park, at a time when Whately was much exercised about mushrooms, as to what sorts were edible and wholesome, and what sorts poisonous. As they walked along, the Archbishop espied and picked up a dreadful-looking fungus.

"Now, Lever," he said, "many people might fancy that this is a poisonous fungus, while in reality no better or more wholesome mushroom grows." He broke a bit off and gave it to Mr. X. with the words, "Try a bit, X., and tell us what you think of it."

"A very nice fungus, indeed, your Grace, and rather sweetish," said the Rev. Mr. X.

"Here's a bit for you, Z.; let us have your opinion of it."

"If it were nicely cooked, your Grace," said the Rev. Mr. Z., making a very wry face, "with a little salt and butter it would, I am sure, be delicious."

Whately then turned to Lever and said, "Here, Lever, try a bit, and say what you think of it."

"I thank your Grace, I'd rather not," said he. "Tis true I have a brother in the Church, but he is not in your Grace's diocese."

Many other well-known figures come upon us here and there in these breezy, careless, happy pages. We are now in the old Beef-steak Club, now behind the scenes with Sheridan Knowles. We meet Dan O'Connell, Thackeray, Chief Justice Doherty, Mrs. Norton, and S. C. Hall, and hardly have we left them ere we come across Lord Dufferin, Lord Spencer, Anthony Trollope, and Baron Dowse. But whether the old life or the present is being dealt with, the same good humour, the same unflagging good spirits, worthy of Harry Lorrequer himself, shine out between the lines. Naturally there is a chapter on Fishing, for Mr. Le Fanu has for years been recognized as the king of anglers on the other side of the Channel. He tells us that even now he is as keen as ever, and as capable, too, we dare swear; for in his seven-and-seventieth year, last summer, his record counts 54 salmon and peel, 128 sea-trout, and over 400 river-trout. He has fished continuously, we learn, for sixty-five years, and the sum-total of his captures, could it be given, would be fairly staggering. But he has preserved no record of the first twenty years of his sport. Yet since 1848 he has creoled:—

Salmon and grilse	...	...	...	1,295
Sea-trout	...	...	...	2,636
River- and lake-trout	...	...	...	65,436
Pike	...	...	...	602

Yet his life has been a busy one, and this destruction was accomplished during the annual six weeks' leave which was allowed him from his office. His greatest take of trout in one day was seventeen dozen! In his concluding pages Mr. Le Fanu ceases altogether to chaff, and gives us his views as to his country and its future. He tells us he has ever avoided politics, and perhaps, therefore, his words will be weighed carefully by those who profess to have the good of an unfortunate nationality at heart. He can clearly recollect what the country was over sixty years ago and what it is now, and in his opinion the improvement is

\* *Seventy Years of Irish Life; being Anecdotes and Reminiscences.* By W. R. Le Fanu. London: Edward Arnold. 1893.

quite as great as the most sanguine could have expected. The peasantry have on the whole a greater respect for the law, and the greater part of the country is peaceful and quiet. The drainage and cultivation of the land have all improved, and so have the dwellings of the peasantry. Religious animosity, however, undoubtedly still exists to a degree those who live in England can hardly realize. It is dormant now, but is ready to break out on any provocation. And seventy years' experience teaches Mr. Le Fanu that the proposed change in the government of his country, so far from mitigating the evil, would intensify it:—

'Looking back on those long years, and remembering the progress that Ireland has made, I see no reason to despair of the future of my country. Although during the first five and thirty years of my life there was comparatively little change for the better in the condition of the people, since the year 1850 it has vastly improved. Wages have more than doubled; the people are better housed, better clad, and better fed. In recent years this improvement has been even more marked; and, if nothing untoward arises to retard its progress, if (is the hope too sanguine?) Ireland can cease to be the "battle-field of English parties," it will, I trust, ere many years be as happy and contented as any part of our good Queen's dominions.'

Such are Mr. Le Fanu's last words, and they are full of significance. He has given us a charming book, and we are grateful, even if with a sense of favours to come. For, in these days of octogenarian Prime Ministers, "is the hope too sanguine" that we may look for more? All who know Mr. Le Fanu are aware that his rich mines of anecdote and humour are nowhere nearly exhausted. There are whole lodes which he has now not even touched. While he can still wield a rod as he can, is it too much to ask that, in our interests, he should pick up his pen once more?

#### BIBLES AND BIBLE-BOOKS.

WE have received from the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses and from the Queen's Printers during the past few weeks some specimens of Bibles, and of what are generally called "Helps" to the Bible, of such excellence that they seem to demand an article to themselves. A great deal has been done in this way already of late years; but much progress has been recently made in the way of combining and co-ordinating, so that the text, the old "concordance," and the newer abstracts of recent discovery—historical, geographical, antiquarian, and what not—should be carefully arranged under the hand of the student, and all together.

From the Oxford University Press we have, in the first place, editions in various shapes of the Bible, with the addition of the "Helps to its Study" of which we have in former years spoken with high, but deserved, encomium. These have been steadily kept under enlargement and revision, and now appear with numerous and excellent illustrations. It would be almost, if not quite, impossible to get more information into a smaller space than here, the well-known resources of the Clarendon Press in the way of print and paper having been taxed to the utmost to "do the trick." It is another and a just boast of this establishment that it pays no less attention to binding than to printing. Nowadays, as not a few lovers of books know to their cost, "There is nothing like leather" is an extremely fallacious adage; but it is generally justified in the Oxford bindings, both for taste and wear.

Besides their adjustment to the sacred text, the "Helps to the Bible" are also published in various separate forms, ranging in price to the almost impossible figure of one shilling, but always clear and readable and excellently executed.

Cambridge sends us no texts of the Scriptures, but does send us the excellent *Cambridge Companion to the Bible*, which is compiled on principles sufficiently different from the "Helps," and yet, necessarily, in parts the same. Here, too, there is a concordance, and here, also, some excellent maps—indeed the maps here are of quite peculiar excellence. But the miscellaneous articles here are less tabular and dictionary-fashion, and are written more in the form of continuous *excursus*—an arrangement which has its advantages.

Lastly, we have to notice from Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode an extremely handsome edition of the *Variorum Teacher's Bible*, completed by a set of "Aids to the Student" which do not yield in any respect—concordance, maps, or miscellaneous articles—to those already noticed. The more excellent way would be, no doubt, to keep all three at hand, as no one knows where one may complete the other. But with no one of the

three is the ordinary student of the Bible likely to go wrong; and without any one of them he is very likely, if not to go wrong, to remain in the dark, where he might easily enlighten himself.

#### BENYOWSKI'S MEMOIRS AND TRAVELS.\*

THE Count Mauritius Augustus de Benyowski was the contemporary of Cagliostro, and a very impudent liar. These are two well-authenticated facts, but it appears from Captain Pasfield Oliver's introduction to this reprint of the Count's memoirs and travels, that a few other details of his history are known with some approach to certainty. He was born in Hungary, at Verbö, of a noble family, and was a prisoner in Russia. The Russians sent him to Kamtchatka. There he and a number of others took advantage of a military outbreak in the penal settlement to get on board of a galliot called the *St. Peter and St. Paul*, commanded by one Csurin, who, being under suspicion for murder and mutiny, had excellent reasons of his own for putting a safe distance between himself and the police. The runaways reached Macao at some time in 1771, and Benyowski made his way back to Europe in a French East Indiaman. After some years of obscurity he was taken up by the Duc d'Aiguillon, who sent him out to Madagascar on a colonial adventure. Benyowski did not prove a successful colonial governor, and in three years was back in Paris, where nobody would have anything to say to him. After a time he fell in with an unlucky M. de Magellan, a descendant of the Portuguese explorer. M. de Magellan was induced to give him some money for a new colonial adventure in Madagascar which was to make all their fortunes. It ended in the shooting of Benyowski as a pirate by the French and the loss of M. de Magellan's money. All the poor gentleman had to show for his adventure was the MS. of the Count's Memoirs. These he sold to Mr. Nicholson, of the Royal Society, who published the translation now reprinted by Captain Pasfield Oliver.

A fairly careful reading of the volume does not leave us with the conviction that the adventure was worth undertaking. Benyowski, though a liar, was not gifted with any respectable degree of imagination. His Memoirs, which end with his return to France after the escape from Kamtchatka, were manifestly made up after the manner of those Travels in Mesopotamia which were compiled by unfortunate literary characters confined in the Fleet. Captain Oliver points out, in a note, that Benyowski drew freely on Chappe d'Auteroche and other known books of the time. He had, it is true, actually been to his Mesopotamia; but this did not give him any visible superiority over the legendary literary gentlemen. He really seems to have seen nothing with his own eyes which any hack worth his salt could not have seen in the books of other men. His lies are commonplace. It is not of thrilling interest to learn now that there was an Hungarian adventurer of the last century who built a very dull romance on a story which, if it had been honestly told, might possibly have been worth reading. Of course Benyowski is copious on the theme of his own valour, generosity, and discretion; but it is in the way of mere bald assertion, with none of the vivacity and colour which make the vain rogue occasionally amusing. Moreover, he is monotonous. His associates are always throwing themselves at his feet and adoring his superiority. There is one Stephanow, a most incorrigible person, who is for ever intriguing against the good and great Count in vain. When he is detected he "throws himself at my feet," and "I" magnanimously forgive him. Of course, too, there is the touch of sentiment, the noble savage, the innocent native, who never failed in the days of the glory of Rousseau. Miss Aphanasia Nilow (we have to thank the translator for the Miss) supplies the sentiment. She was a lovely girl, and the daughter of the Governor. Benyowski was constrained to become engaged to her in the interest of the "Association" of prisoners, though it was pain and grief to him, for he was a moral man, with a wife at home. We are profoundly uninterested in Miss Aphanasia Nilow. Moreover, we do not believe in her any more than we do in the Count's estates in Lithuania, which Captain Oliver, sagaciously enough, guesses were situated about his castles in Spain; or his cruises for the "States of Malta," or his commission as Muster Master-General to the Confederates of Bar.

The last part of the book, which gives the account of the voyage from Kamtchatka to Macao, is one, and one of the least

\* *The Memoirs and Travels of Mauritius Augustus, Count of Benyowski, in Siberia, Kamtchatka, Japan and the Lushu Islands, and Formosa. From the Translation of his original Manuscript (1741-1771).* By William Nicholson, F.R.S. 1790. Edited by Captain Pasfield Oliver. Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

interesting, of the large body of "imaginary voyages." Benyowski reached Macao at a time when the fur trade of Eastern Siberia and the seal fishery of Behring Sea were beginning to attract attention. To make himself important, he invented a long story, very dull, and very colourless, to the effect that after leaving Kamtschatka he and his associates had cruised to the north and had touched on the American coast. Of course, he was full of the most valuable information about the fur trade, which he would reveal on a proper occasion. Of course, too, the base-minded English at Macao endeavoured to filch his knowledge; but he kept it for himself and the French, "a nation to which I shall probably attach myself in future." Captain Oliver shows that he was brought to book at Mauritius, and found to be absolutely ignorant, not only of the seas he professed to have sailed in, but of the very rudiments of seamanship.

#### PRINTERS' AND PUBLISHERS' DEVICES.\*

THERE are few phases of typography, as Mr. Roberts truly remarks in his preface, open to the charge of being neglected. The catalogue of works on the *Ars Bibliopœtica* already in print is enormous and most catholic in choice; and, if we are to judge by the very regular supply of "Book-lovers' Series," "Books about Books," books on the noble mystery of book-making generally, the demand for information on the highways and byways of that

*wonderful art which perpetuates  
The fleeting thought and word*

shows little sign of waning. But, curiously enough, if we consider its many-sided interest, the printer's mark belongs to a branch of typographical history which has been the least anatomized, by English writers at any rate. The French, according to their wont in such matters, are well ahead of us; the Germans in a lesser degree.

Much information on this bye subject is, of course, gleanable among the leaves of Ames and Herbert's *Typographical Antiquities*, in the *Pentateuch of Printing*, in that admirable work, "The Book," of M. Bouchot under its new English dress, in Mr. Pollard's learned essays on the "Title Page" and "Early Printed Books," in Mr. J. H. Slater's disquisition on "Book Collecting," and in Mr. Andrew Lang's various bibliophilic chapters. But gleanings of this kind only act as appetizers. In Mr. Roberts's goodly volume the curious in matters of publishers' artistic devices will find at last materials not for one but for many heavy meals.

In the latest addition to the *Ex-Libris* Series the author adverts to and generally describes the marks of some five hundred printers and vendors of books, and gives actual examples of nearly half that number.

The subject treated in that substantial mode is hardly one that would easily foster racy and elegant writing. It would be idle to look in a solid handbook for the winning, lightsome style of Mr. Lang, for example, *butinant, comme l'abeille*, with his usual desultory eclecticism on the shelves of "The Library," or among "Books and Bookmen." Its purpose is to gather an array of hard facts and to present the same in an orderly fashion.

In dealing with such a number of examples there is, of course, a choice of many equally good methods, any one of which may fail to appeal to some class of readers, according to the special kind of interest they may take in the subject. Mr. Roberts has adopted the scheme which must conciliate the greatest number of inquirers. His critical catalogue of Printers' Marks is divided into nationalities—English, French, German, Dutch and Flemish, Italian and Spanish—and each division is examined in chronological order, the period extending from the establishment of the earliest printing presses in each country, until the seventeenth century (except in the case of England, where the investigation is carried until the middle of the eighteenth). This synopsis is introduced by two critical chapters on the general aspects of the Printers' Marks, their place in the history of art, their value as symbolical "concoits," the evolution of styles; in short, with the various matters concerning the æsthetics of the subject. The concluding chapter somewhat abruptly jumps to modern instances of English Printers', or rather Publishers', Tokens—for comparatively few printing firms have kept up the custom of marks since the all but general disassociation of printing and publishing concerns.

\* *Printers' Marks: a Chapter in the History of Typography.* By W. Roberts, Editor of "The Bookworm." (*Ex-Libris* Series, edited by Gleeson White.) London: Bell & Sons. 1893.

It is obvious that the chief interest in a compilation of this kind must lie in its illustration. The text can hardly be more, except when dealing with general considerations, than a series of explanatory legends or running comments.

The story of Printers' Marks as an institution is at the same time very simple and very indeterminate. At first flush it seems most natural to look upon these typographic badges mainly as trade marks precautionary against piracy; as a matter of fact, many celebrated wranglings are on record between printers (among which that of our own Richard Pynson with Robert Redman) in which the ground of vituperation was the unwarranted adoption or even imitation of certain devices considered privileged by the original deviser. To a great extent it has always been, and is still, a *trade mark*, but only in artistic corroboration of the *imprint*. Without the latter, the Olive Tree, the Sphere, the *Anchora Grassa*, the Compass, usually associated in bibliognostic eyes with the productions of the Estiennes, the Elzevirs, the Aldes, and the Plantin Press, were merely more or less cunning and artistic materials available by whose took a fancy to them, or lacked the amount of originality required for the elaboration of another token.

It is, therefore, on the whole, more rational to look upon the "Printer's Mark" chiefly as a decorative device, pure and simple, akin in spirit to the book-plate of private book-owners, which can be altered, improved, exchanged for another in different style, or suppressed altogether, according to the fancy of its deviser and the character of the title-page. At all times it has lacked, as a proprietary stamp, the permanency and the specification that men are wont, for instance, to associate with Armory, on the one hand, and on the other with the modern trade-mark, "to imitate which is forgery."

In fact, he who would claim acquaintance with the ancient devices of printers and publishers has to make himself familiar with many more than one in connexion with each firm of note. The Estiennes used some twenty, the Gryphes at least eight, the Elzevir family a dozen or so, and the Aldes almost as many; our own Wynkyn de Worde and Richard Pynson nine and four respectively, and variants. In short, the occurrence of one definite token, equivalent in its purpose to a "coat" or a registered stamp, destined to herald the work of a given firm, is quite the exception. The mark of Philippe Pigouchet is one of the very few in this category, and his device was closely imitated in this country by Walter Chapman, and also by Thomas Davidson. From the appearance of the twin sable shields, suspended on a branch lopped from the Tree of Life, and charged with printer's rules argent, used by Fust and Schoeffer to embellish the colophon of the Mainz Psalter in 1457, the first token of this kind, to the ornamented imprint devised by Mr. William Morris for the Kelmscott Press, the evolution of the Printer's Mark should mainly be investigated from the point of view of the decorative and symbolical art.

It cannot be said that, in including Mr. Roberts's work in their *Ex-Libris* Series, Messrs. Bell have "stretched a point"; the most cursory inspection of the examples here brought together must at once recall to the "student" that the composition of these tokens is identical in spirit with that of the emblematic book-plates of later date. The list of classes into which printers, marks could be segregated is, of course, very large; but they are all symbolical in various manners, and the style of decorative treatment follows closely the most prevalent decorative fashion of the successive ages. Like book-plates, many of them are heraldic (although in defiance of the spirit and laws of heraldry), and display a blazonry, sometimes purporting to be personal, sometimes belonging to the native city or to the patrons of printers.

Thus does Antoine Verard display three fleurs de lys; John Rastell accapbrates England and Wales; Craft Müller and Mathias van der Goe are superbly heraldic in the most dishevelled of "Alt-Deutsch" styles; Johann Koelhoff and Nicholas Cresser assume the three crowns in chief of the City of Cologne; Jacob Stadelberger blazons the lion of Heidelberg and the fuscally-bendy of Bavaria, whilst our Rowland Hall utilizes the eagle and key of Geneva to stamp his religious publications. In Italy the younger Aldus spreads his newly-acquired coat on his title-pages, and the Giuntas make full artistic use of the Florentine *giglio*. Notable examples of this kind are most numerous. But almost in all cases this heraldic display is qualified by emblematic adjuncts.

The greater number, however, are fanciful symbolical concoits: supported monograms, merchants' marks, or canting objects in travesty of armorial charges. Among these the punning, or *rebus*, device occurs prominently; the grafted branch issuant from a ton for Grafton, together with the legion of pictorial puns in ton, Bolt-ton, Myddle-ton, and so forth; a paviour within a scrolled

cartouche for T. Pavier; a little sleepy scene explained by the motto, "Arise, for it is day," for John Day; an aggressive cock perched on a stack of logs for Thomas Woodcock. Dolet chooses as his mark a chip-axe, emblematic of *doler*, old French for chipping, and in support of his motto: "Scabra et impolita ad amussim dolo atque perfolia." Hughe de la Porte has an allegorical doorway in Renaissance style and a Samson loaded with the gates of Gaza. Jacques Colomies has a dovecot; Matthias Biener (Apiarius) a bear in the enjoyment of honeycombs.

A great number of marks are also mere reproductions of shop-signs—which themselves are almost invariably emblematic. Hence the recurring devices with Times and hour-glasses, syrens and angels, anchors and compasses, trees and serpents, Adam and Eve, unicorns and *hoc genus omne*. This custom, it is interesting to note, is being quaintly perpetuated by sundry modern firms—the Longmans, for example, "At the Sign of the Ship"; Cassells at "La Belle Sauvage"; whilst punning devices, even as in the days of Galliot du Pre, with his galliotte, and Pynson, with his chirping chaffinch, have endured, and now appear, in such publishers' marks as George Bell's, Lawrence & Bullen's, and David Nutt's. Another very definite type, common in the sixteenth century, and revived by sundry modern firms—Swan Sonnenschein, Fisher Unwin, and many others—displays the Tree of Literature, *Arbor vite* or *Arbor scientie*, from the master-branch of which depends a shield charged either with a monogram or some mercantile symbols.

These cabalistic-looking signs, often very ingenious in their mystical obscurity, the mediæval "merchants' marks," which appear so frequently in the guise of heraldic charges on the earlier printers' devices, might easily have afforded matter enough for a most interesting chapter by themselves. Perhaps, however, it may be that there is really no trustworthy information obtainable on their true origin and the real meaning of their symbolism. Mr. Roberts is content to quote Delalain's series of hitherto unanswered queries on what he calls "la persistance de la croix" in Printers' Marks. This, however, is not the difficulty. Nothing could be more idoneous to the mediæval mind than a firm belief in the propitiatory nature of cruciferous designs as brands for goods; and nothing could be more natural than the hard dying of a class of symbols so long associated with the book-trade. But the fascinating, though apparently as yet little explored, ground of investigation in this matter is the history of the numerous symbols, religious and profane, which seem to have been combined at various times to produce the typographic merchant's marks. These designs occur in endless variety, and although they all bear an unmistakable common physiognomy, have all a separate individuality.

It would be deeply interesting, for instance, to know how far the holy Chrism of the Roman-Byzantine period (which reappeared universally after the twelfth century) may have been the prototype, as a talisman, of that puzzling "crossed four" which is so frequent a feature in the merchant's mark; how far, on the other hand, the cabalistic signs of *Ophiel*, *Bethor*, and *Hagith*, the lucky stars Mercury, Jupiter, and Venus, duly qualified by sundry crosses, may have been adopted for propitiatory purposes, producing very similar designs. Again, it is almost impossible not to recognize as leading types of these crossed devices the sacred monogram I.H.S. within the nimbus, and the Alpha and Omega attendant on the cross, adapted, with naive profanity, to suit printers' initials. But even in monogrammatic compositions of sacred origin signs of unmistakably necromantic connexion frequently find their way—always under the ægis of the cross or some trilateral symbols of the Trinity—Rosicrucian indices, or the Egyptian Tau and Crux ansata, or the universal Fylfot, the Tetragram, the Pentacle of the Cabalist, or the Zodiacal signs of the Astrologer. This attractive chapter in the history of symbolism generally, yet closely connected with the present subject, has yet to be written.

It would be ungracious, however, to complain of a work because it suggests further, and even more interesting, investigation. A complete inventory of Printers' Marks may never be produced, but the work is undoubtedly quite feasible; and it is no faint praise for such a book as Mr. Roberts has brought forward to point out that its perusal will make many a bibliophile long for a more exhaustive catalogue. As it stands it must remain a rich mine of information. Not a few casual readers will learn to attach some novel value to an otherwise overpoweringly dull ancient tome if it be found to possess a quaint or artistic Printer's Mark; and if, perchance, they read again that fascinating Rondeau of Mr. Lang's in Villonesque French, they may suddenly feel a new and poignant sympathy with the book-hunter who muses—

*Au long des quaps pour flâner maint bieu livre,*

and confesses:—

*Des Elzevirs la Sphère me rend pître  
Et la Sphère aussi m'esmeut. Grand cas  
Fais-je d'Estienne, Alde ou Volet. Mais, las!  
Le bieu Carton ne se rencontre pas . . . .  
En t'ouquinant!*

#### THEATRICAL NOTES.\*

JOURNALISM has been described as the grave of genius, a saying to which a variety of meanings may be ascribed. Without going the length of yielding unqualified agreement, it may safely be said that if in journalism many things are buried whose sepulture none need regret, there are others of far too great a value to be allowed to lie profitless. Much, indeed most, of the theatrical criticism of to-day is as ephemeral as it is personal, mainly because it is personal, and we welcome, therefore, with the greater pleasure a book written in the spirit of pure criticism by a critic endowed with the rare qualities of scholarship, judicial balance, and fine appreciation. The present work, a selection from articles which, we are told, have appeared in the *Athenæum*, starts with Mr. Irving's *Hamlet*, in November 1874, and ends with the production of *The Falcon*, in December 1879. Mr. Knight, however, promises us that, should this contribution to stage history prove acceptable, materials are in hand for a second volume, which will bring the matter up to date, and link the drama of Byron, Wills, and Albery with that of Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, and Mr. Grundy. That this contribution to stage history will prove acceptable leaves no room for any doubt except as to the wisdom of limiting the addition to one volume, for it seems obvious that if the period between the end of 1874 and the same part of 1879 occupies a volume so chokeful of good things as the present book is, a fairly long series will be necessary to complete the record up to 1893, to say nothing of the work in the many long years during which we hope Mr. Knight will continue his pleasant labours. In an admirable introduction, he gives reason for the optimism clearly discernible throughout his criticisms, with a generous recognition of the benefits derived by the English public and the English stage together from the visits of the companies of the Comédie Française, the Gymnase-Dramatique, the Vaudeville, the Palais Royal, the Saxe-Meiningen Company, and the Rotterdam Company, and with a justly balanced estimate of the influence of Ibsen upon the English drama of to-day. For thirty years, Mr. Knight tells us, he has watched with close interest the progress of the stage in England, and he points out that, although such a period in the present day does not mean so much as that thirty years which takes us from *Ferrex* and *Porrex* or *Gammer Gurton's Needle* to Marlowe's *Edward II.*, something very like a revolution has occurred in English stage matters since the beginning of his benevolent observation. The *Hamlet* of 1874 was an epoch-making production; *Sweethearts* marked the rise of Mr. Gilbert, *The Merry Wives* was near to Phelps's exit, and *Our Boys* showed us H. J. Byron at the height of his success. In 1875 we had Salvini among us, Dion Boucicault wrote *The Shaughraun*, and Charles Mathews wrote and played *My Awful Dad*. As to the last-named play, Mr. Knight gives the sound answer to the objections on moral grounds to the farce—namely, that it is a farce—and he asserts truly that "the actions of its denizens (i.e. of the domain of farce) are not to be tried by any standard of sanity." No less sound is his criticism of the acting:—

"The highest praise and the strongest condemnation of the performance are, however, involved in the impression generally conveyed. It is undoubtedly a remarkable feat for an actor of Mr. Mathews's age to perform. Art is, however, cruel as nature, and the moment a performance is remarkable rather than attractive, her concern with it is over.

Golden lads and girls all must  
As chimney sweepers come to dust

says Shakespeare. This is true of art as of nature, and when a performance reminds one only of past triumphs, art—whether the actor is called Mathews, or Lemaitre, or Déjazet—erects a tombstone over the living man.

In his insistence that terror, and not horror, is the true note of tragedy, the author enforces a principle as often neglected in practice as acknowledged in theory, at least so far as a certain modern school of dramatic art is concerned. There are points, however, on which we are compelled to join issue with Mr. Knight. The objection to the inconsistency of Polonius has

\* *Theatrical Notes.* By Joseph Knight. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1893.

been made before and sufficiently dealt with; but we find it difficult to understand how any one can say, with Mr. Knight, "We are often disposed to ask if the gags of the first actor have not got incorporated into the text of this part in a larger proportion than usual." Hazlitt, with perfect force and lucidity, has considered the objection, and we thought that the last word on the point had been said. We may admit with propriety that the part is perplexing; hence the difficulty—and the credit—to Mr. Chippendale and every other actor who has played it. But to say that it is irreconcilable is to condemn all inconsistent character, and therefore all human nature. Not to dwell upon the point, the various positions occupied by Polonius—father, courtier, and what not—seem amply to account for these variations. Again, to style the Falstaff of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* "the one defect among the characters of the play," and to add that "he is not a shadow of his former self," is to go far. Admitting that Shakspeare may not have continued him with a light heart or willing mind, there is no ground for averring that "there is not a shadow of a pretence for asserting Sir John to be in love with anything except the money-bags of his neighbour," although we may allow that "he had never been inattentive" to them. That his love may have been born of sheer vanity, and no very worthy love, is true enough, and it is equally probable that he was not likely to inspire love in the sex with little or no appreciation of humour, even though it may be the fact that he was revived to please that most masculine of Queens, Elizabeth. It must also be borne in mind that here he is older than the man who could twist Dame Quickly round his finger. On a broader ground still, it is clear that, if Falstaff was to be made in love, it would have been impossible to make him a successful lover. He would have been ridiculous, and not droll. On the other hand, too deep a measure of sincerity would have made his failure too pitiable a thing, and, in the end, we are forced to the conclusion on this point, as on a good many others, that Shakspeare has done the best possible with the character. One other point, and we have done. Speaking of the Lyceum revival of *Macbeth* in 1875, Mr. Knight objects to the violent menace accompanying Macduff's question, "Wherefore did you so?" with relation to the killing of the grooms by Macbeth, and refers to the following speech of Macbeth as showing "clearly that no such anger as is evinced in the representation had been perceived by him." Surely it was the most natural thing in the world for any man, and especially an impulsive soldier like Macduff, to break out into violent anger at the hypocritical speech of Macbeth—

O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

and the "Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious" speech is clearly in answer to an outburst of fury rather than to a mere mild question.

If we might make a captious objection, it would be to the modest misleading of the title. *Theatrical Notes* is on the title-page and cover, but the pages are more appropriately headed "Dramatic Criticism." Dramatic criticism it is, and as such of far greater value in these days of "theatrical notices" than as the mere record for which Mr. Knight takes credit, although in that respect alone its value is far from contemptible. Even if the book should have no other use, it would serve a sufficiently lofty purpose in emphasizing the lesson that sound criticism, even where unfavourable, is not incompatible with kindness and courtesy.

#### ENGLISH BOOK-PLATES.\*

THIS is a second edition of the volume reviewed in these columns in January 1893. It may be questioned whether Mr. Castle would not have been better advised to make a second volume of the material now incorporated with what is practically a reissue. Purchasers of the first would have been sure to supplement it with the second volume; whereas now, those who invested in the first will think twice before they buy it again for the sake of a few additions. The collection of notes and plates, however, has increased so much in a few months as to prove that by waiting a year or two Mr. Castle might have been certain of obtaining sufficient material. We observe a few trivial misprints, which occurred also in the first edition—and there our fault-finding may cease. It is almost impossible to secure absolute immunity from the vagaries of sportive compositors in a book so full of names and dates.

The first, and in some respects the most noteworthy, addition

\* *English Book-Plates, Ancient and Modern.* By Egerton Castle, M.A., F.S.A. London: George Bell, 1893.

forms the frontispiece, and consists of the arms of Sir Nicholas Bacon, engraved on wood and coloured. Bacon, who was the father of Viscount St. Albans, gave some books to the University of Cambridge. They are still in the Library, and each of them has the simple book-plate here copied, with the date, 1574. Another very interesting addition is that of an engraving by Mr. Sherborne of the arms of Lord Wolseley. Mr. Sherborne is sometimes unequal, and his mantlings are often very limp, and unlike those of Dürer or Beham, on whom his work is very evidently modelled. There is no such fault to be found with this beautiful print. It is remarkable for "the wonderfully strong and clear manner in which the endless details of the General's numerous badges of honour are preserved in one harmonious composition." The justness of our remarks on Mr. Sherborne's work will appear if the reader compares the engraving opposite p. 232 of the first edition with that opposite p. 24 of this edition. In the first the mantling hangs about loosely like wet seaweed. In the second it is carefully composed with the crest and the helmet, and is sharp and crisp. Opposite p. 160 is a very fine engraving, by Mr. G. W. Eve, of a crest, helmet, and mantling; the owner's name is not mentioned. This is one of the numerous additions, and perhaps the best.

Some of the figure-subjects are pretty and pleasing—those by Mr. Erat Harrison, some of which were in the last exhibition of the Royal Academy, showing an almost exuberant fancy. The "doe and bell" of Mr. Charles Doble is one of these. The "Tais Toi" of Mr. Henry Tait, by Mr. J. D. Batten, forms a fine composition, but is not very suitable for its purpose. The best, perhaps, of these figure-subjects have the name of "Agnes Castle" appended to them. That designed for Mr. Walter Pollock did not occur in the first edition, and is a distinct acquisition in this. Two of Samuel Pepys's numerous book-plates were in the first edition. We have now three, and White's larger engraving, which appeared in the first edition, is replaced by a smaller one, more delicate and suitable to its purpose. Pepys, like many men whose faces are as far as possible from being handsome, was very fond of having his portrait painted. Had he lived now he would have been a votary of photography. In this edition we have his shield of arms on one book-plate; Pepys quartered with a very noble-looking coat, which must represent a family of Talbot, from which he was descended.

We have dwelt a little on the additions and alterations in the two editions of Mr. Castle's fascinating book. Partly we wished to justify our opening remarks; but another purpose has arisen as we write. There are a certain number of stories the type of which is probably in an early edition of Joe Miller's *Jests*, the point being usually an application of the aphorism "both's best"; and there is a nautical yarn, of which we forget particulars, but it related, no doubt, to the choice of two forms of alcoholic stimulant, and in this case the solution came in the formula, "Let us split the difference and take both." It is much to be feared that, unable to make certain which of Mr. Castle's volumes we prefer, and wholly unable to part with either, our choice, and that of many others, will be the same—namely, to split the difference and keep both.

#### NEW PRINTS.

A MAN must have a very fair and open mind if he can admire at the same time both Claude and Constable, or both Turner and Crome, as landscape-painters. Of late nearly all painter-etchers have aimed at making their prints as like photographs as possible. We have complained of this before, and have pointed out that composition is quite as necessary as accuracy, and that selection should govern the introduction of figures. But all such rules are foreign to the art of the school of Constable—a school which, no doubt, arose as a protest against the artificial style of the imitators of Turner and Claude. The mezzotint entitled "Leafy Trees and Sparkling Brook," by Mr. John Finnie, R.P.S., which Messrs. Frost & Reed send us from Bristol, is at once a composition and also very true to nature, and seems, therefore, to hit the happy medium. The trees are well grouped to enhance the effect. The brook is literally sparkling. No figure is introduced; but, in order to give us a scale, there is a foot-bridge in the middle distance. There is great richness in the gradations of the mezzotint, and the print is a very pleasant subject of contemplation on a raw winter day, being wonderfully warm and sunny. The foliage, consisting, among other things, of a noble dark oak, a poplar, and perhaps a hawthorn, is all very feathery and light.

Messrs. Bousod, Valadon, & Co. send two large publications of Messrs. Goupil. The first is one of those marvellous imitations of water-colour drawings for which this firm is celebrated. It

is after M. Paris, and is entitled "Routed." It represents a horde of Arab horsemen breaking through a defile in a very rocky country, and galloping headlong down a hill in full retreat. It is a most spirited composition, full of life and energy. There is not much scope for colour, as the horses are chiefly either white or black, and the Arabs are all dressed in white. The expression of the leader's face, as he tries to retain control of the breakneck speed of his dark horse, is cleverly depicted. You can see that he has been heavily defeated, and that he looks forward with very little confidence to the next move in the game. The other faces only express terror. Granting that warlike pictures are ever pleasing, this extraordinary piece of life and movement must be admired, while the technical skill displayed in the chromo-lithography is beyond praise.

The same publishers also send us an engraving of Meissonier's picture, "Solferino," which is now in the Gallery of the Luxembourg in Paris. It is etched by M. L. Kratke. It would be absurd to praise the picture, which is full of minute detail and portraits, as was so often the case with the later works of the veteran artist. M. Kratke, without drawing on the relief which would be afforded by even a little colour, has contrived to retain all the clearness of the original. The print is interesting as well as artistic.

We have also received from Messrs. Bousso & Valadon a selection of miniature engravings of various subjects, such as "In Front," the "portrait of a gentleman" driving a lady in a *coupé*, and kissing her; and "Behind," a girl on the board at the back, with a basket of ducks, which fly out and down the road, while a farmer's boy offers her a similar salute; both very clearly told stories, funny and full of life. These and several others are by M. Delort. "Napoleon at Fontainebleau" is after Delaroche; and there is a battle scene by M. Detaille, and a domestic scene by M. Brun—altogether a charming little parcel.

"A Street-crossing in Old Paris," after Outin, is another beautiful chromolithograph, and comes, through Messrs. Bousso & Valadon, from the same firm in Paris. A gorgeously dressed damsel in light-blue and white is striving to pass, by one of those miniature bridges on wheels, over the kennel. Strange to say, these crossings, almost, if not quite, extinct in European cities, still survive at Melbourne, in Australia. The young lady's progress is impeded by her little dog, which sniffs at a poor boy, apparently a Savoyard, with a squirrel in a box, who stands by the side of the bridge. Behind, two dandies of the period stand under a very picturesque portico, made of timber, with a barred window above, and, stooping over the water, try to catch sight of the girl's face. The colour of the group formed by the boy and the two men is extremely harmonious. The girl's dress strikes a discordant note—perhaps intended, by way of accentuating the contrast between the two groups, but none the less discordant. It is difficult to tell this print from a water-colour drawing.

#### ST. ANDREWS.\*

TO say that this work is brilliant and full of grace, if not of truth, is only to say that it is written by Mr. Andrew Lang. He has made the most of the materials which lie on the surface, and the ordinary reader can easily become acquainted with the outlines of the history of St. Andrews. We think Mr. Lang takes a somewhat sanguine view of the summer visitors when he says, "Very many persons yearly visit St. Andrews; of these some may care to know more of that venerable town than can be learned from assiduous application to golf." The "some," we venture to think, who will read it are those who care for their country, their patron saint, their University, and their Church—these will be the chief readers and the chief critics of this last of Mr. Lang's gifts to a reading world. "The object of the work is modest. The drawings of Mr. Hodge suggested the writing of the book." The drawings and their reproductions are worthy of the letterpress, they are only incomplete in lacking a portrait of John Knox; but there are sufficient indications in the letterpress to make us understand the reason for this omission. Mr. Lang wishes it understood that this work is not supposed to be a serious effort to write the history of St. Andrews. "A history much more elaborate and learned" is being written; we note that in this description "accurate" is not added; we will venture, on our own behalf, to hope that Mr. Lyon is writing it in an impartial spirit of historical accuracy. St. Andrews, in its material fabric, has suffered too severely from party factions and Church fights; they have, as the preface sadly admits, left its records "destitute of colour and personal fact." We do not need to have such records as are left us interpreted in a spirit of cynical

secticism; what we ask from the recorder is to enter into the spirit of the time, and let it stand out in its own shadows and lights. The historian who forgets that these things were done "in a fierce light," and who attempts to stand in that light, only produces false shadows, and makes the gloom of the historical "easterly haer" which broods over St. Andrews yet more dense and misleading.

Mr. Lang's preface ends with a quotation from Mr. Louis Stevenson, and the volume closes with the words of Sir Walter. This is as it should be, and even Mr. Lang could have done no better, and perhaps has himself never written anything more beautiful, than the paragraph in which he ushers in the last words of this history. It would be beyond our scope to give any minute account of what is here written. It is included in thirteen chapters, whose titles sufficiently indicate the matter dealt with:—St. Andrews in the days of the Bishops and of the Cardinals—In the days of the Saints and the Sinners—The Founding of its University; the Siege of its Castle—Patrick Hamilton, Queen Mary, Andrew Melville, and Montrose. One chapter which Mr. Lang cheerfully calls "The Decay of St. Andrews" includes Dr. Johnson, and Dr. Chalmers is the biggest light in "Recent St. Andrews." We are somewhat at a loss to understand why Tom Morris should appear as a full-page plate in the chapter on "The Cardinals," St. Andrews. Is there a bait for the summer visitor in this? Is it supposed that he will read further, under the impression that he has got hold of one of the volumes in the "Badminton" series? Perchance Mr. Lang thinks that the "Prince of Players" should be placed among princes of a different standing. Unquestionably Mr. Lang touches the subject of golf in a more reverential spirit than that with which he handles the spiritual claims of the Church either before or after the Reformation. Here we find that "the Church" appears only as the troubler of the peace of St. Andrews. It is, perhaps, not unnatural to one of Mr. Lang's temperament that Knox should be an uncongenial subject. The artistic must for ever shudder when brought into contact with the pure "Philistine," and that element was rampant in Knox. These are not days when Reformers of his type are appreciated or understood. But it is not only the leaders of the Church—be they cardinal, bishop, or presbyter—who are treated by Mr. Lang with scant respect. In the chapter of the foundation of the University occurs this passage—"When Wardlaw and Lindores founded the college they were laying the axe to the tree of the Church." They probably were laying the axe at the root of the dominion of Rome; but Mr. Lang will find it hard to prove, if he writes as many volumes again as he has already written, that man has ever been able to lay an axe at the root of "The Church."

"In the wicked day of destiny," when the task falls to the historian to tell of the destruction of the Cathedral, a story dismal and painful, what is the reason Mr. Lang gives of the ruined condition in which the Cathedral remained? "There was no way in which the Cathedral could be kept in repair. The nobles seized the lands and revenues, the chapels were no longer needed for Presbyterian worship. Black poverty settled on the Kirk" (the political robber of the present day does not agree that she is too poor to spoil); "a constant course of secessions weakened her; the new believers ceased to be able to meet under one roof in prayer. There are now Auld Kirks, a Free Kirk, a U.P. Kirk, an episcopal kirk, a small Catholic chapel, and so on in St. Andrews, but there is practically no national kirk, and no minister is needed. The uses of the Cathedral are gone," &c. Mr. Lang must have known he was letting his pen run away with him here, and that this is mere "padding." It would be as sensible to say that, because there are Dissenters in London, Westminster Abbey should be closed for sacred worship. Mr. Lang might easily acquire all necessary information as to the necessity "for ministers," and a slight knowledge of history enables every one to know that the Sovereign on her accession took the oath to maintain the Established Church of Scotland. Edinburgh is not a day's journey from St. Andrews, and a visit to the Cathedral in the High Street will convince Mr. Lang that the Church of Scotland can use a cathedral when the walls have not been so "dinged down" as to make their re-erection a matter of despair. Mr. Lang deprecates the use of "the picturesque hypothesis" because it is not history. In this work he has his usual success when he sticks to history; but throughout, when he indulges in "the picturesque" in the form of comment, of sarcastic gibe, or of a tone which borders too often on the irreverent, we are forced to feel that there are some things which are hid from his eyes, and which he had best have left unhandled.

\* *St. Andrews.* By Andrew Lang. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

VIII.

**PRINCESS ADELAIDE**, a story of the Siege of Kenilworth, by Emily Sarah Holt (Shaw & Co.), is well written and interesting throughout. It is well sometimes to have history made attractive to our young people by touches of fiction; and in this book much can be learnt about the reign of Henry III., which, enlivened with a spice of romance, prevents the most volatile young person from calling it "dry." Some scenes in the persecution of the Jews show its horrors. Lady Willa says to a girl who was pitying a poor Jewish woman and baby who had been seized upon by the mob, "Remember, it is sin to pity these vermin or to pray for them. The holy saints know why they are suffered to exist, except as gatherers of spoil for the faithful." "Lady Willa was among the best women of her day. We may well say, Alas for the worst!"

**One Snowy Night: or, Long Ago at Oxford** (Shaw & Co.) is another book of romance and history by Emily Sarah Holt. To quote her own words in the preface, "The story of the following pages is one of the least known, yet saddest, episodes in English history—the first persecution of Christians by Christians in this land." The book is written with so much vivid earnestness and go that we are carried away by it, and live for the time in the "long ago." Though most of the characters are fictitious, they are made very real, and we are loth to part with them at the end of this interesting tale.

**Out of It**, by A. F. Radcliffe (T. Fisher Unwin), is a particularly pretty story for children. Its hero, Otto Urquhart Tremayne, who seems on first acquaintance as if he might be a prig, turns out to be one of the right sort, notwithstanding having been brought up in Jamaica for the first eight years of his life, and having been much indulged by his father, his black nurse, and by many friends, who were all devoted to the motherless little boy. He is sent home to an uncle, and has a struggle at first to get on with his high-spirited cousins, who nickname him "Out of It"—a name to which he eventually shows himself superior. To our thinking, the end of the story is too sad; but sad endings to children's story-books seem to be the fashion. **The King's Light-Bearer: or, Shining for Jesus**, by M. S. Comrie (Shaw & Co.), has good sound moral lessons in it, and a touching account of a child's battle with self and devotion to a little motherless girl like herself, who clings to her, child as she is, and calls her "Mother Firefly," "Firefly," "because," the younger child explained, when asked her reason for this name, "in the sunshine you looked all bright and shiny, just like them. The fireflies are my friends. At night, when it grows dark, and I am frightened, they come and make it light for me. I was growing afraid in this dark place, in here among the shadows, and then you came." Some incidents in the book are very amusing, giving it bright touches where it might otherwise be too sad. **The Children of Dean's Court; or, Ladybird and her Friends**, by Emma Marshall (Shaw & Co.), gives an account of a wayward little girl, Anastasia by name, whose widowed mother has to earn her living, and goes to India, leaving her daughter with some cousins. After many storms, difficulties, and experiences, Anastasia at last learns the lesson set forth on the title-page of the book, in Miss Procter's words:—

Life is only bright when it proceedeth  
Towards a truer, deeper Life above;  
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth  
To a more Divine and perfect Love.

**Doing and Daring**, by Eleanor Stredder (Nelson & Sons), is a capital story of New Zealand life, with plenty of adventure, with a thrilling account of the great volcanic eruption, and with some very interesting Maori character. The description is always vivid and the style pleasant. The story of the **Children of the Mountains**, by Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), strikes us as being too improbable even for a story of life in Scottish wilds. The American boy who is so determined to become a Scotchman with an ancestor is a decided prig. Our first introduction to him is curious; he had fallen over a cliff, and a young Highlander rescues him, asking him, "What is your weight?" "Oh, I am only a little fellow, about six stone odd, I guess." "No bones broken?" "Not a bone." "What did you say?" "I'm as sound as flint, only cold and a trifle bruised." "Could you shin up a rope if we lowered one to you?" "Now, listen, stranger; nothing would give me greater pleasure. I can 'speel' like a coon when I'm in form. Why, coming over to Europe from the States I could go aloft like a cat. The ship's monkey had to take a back seat when I was in it." However, after that lively and characteristic speech, the young American had fainted by the time he was "safe at bank." The most interesting, and by far

the most lovable, character in the book is Thunder, a St. Bernard dog.

**Dr. Weedon's Waif**, by Kate Somers (Digby, Long, & Co.), is a very touching account of a poor little boy who is run over and taken care of by a kind good doctor. The ups and downs in the fortunes of this waif, his life in "Blind Alley," and what the simple faith of a little child can do are vividly and pathetically told. **Peter's Promises; or, Look Before You Leap**, by Emma Marshall (Shaw & Co.), has terrible results of broken promises, and poor little Peter, who has been lured on by a friend to break his promises, is brought to a very real repentance. **Stella**, by Mrs. G. S. Reaney (Bliss, Sands, & Foster), though written in a small compass, is full of good lessons. Stella's own life and difficulties, the way in which she conquers her wilfulness and learns patience and submission, make her an excellent example. A very pretty and touching story is introduced into the book called **The Story of Mary Elizabeth**. This prettily got-up little volume is the first in "The Story-Book Series."

People who are attached to negro dialect may feel interest and amusement in **Meh Lady: a Story of the War**, by Thomas Nelson Page (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.), in spite of certain faults of taste. **Friends or Foes?** by E. Everett Green (Shaw & Co.), tells of two families of boys and girls who encouraged by their elders, begin by being foes and end by being the closest of friends. The parents find they have been labouring under a misunderstanding, and all would have ended happily but for the death of one of the boys, which closes the story with sad death-bed scenes.

**Life in a Nutshell**, by Agnes Giberne (John F. Shaw & Co.), is a very touching story of a motherless girl whose father is sent abroad for his health, and whose life in his absence, with some cousins, is beset with difficulties, out of which, owing to her unselfishness and patience, she comes triumphantly, having gained the love of even those who were most determined to snub her and set her at naught. A new edition of the Countess d'Aulnoy's **Fairy Tales**, translated by J. R. Planché (Routledge & Sons), is got up in a very attractive form, both inside and outside.

**Under the Sea to the North Pole**, by Pierre Maël (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.), is a book of adventure, well written, somewhat in the style of Jules Verne, and likely to interest girls as well as boys. **St. Wynfrith and its Inmates**, by Evelyn Everett Green (Jarrold & Sons), is the story of an almshouse, giving a good lesson of misplaced pride and its consequences, and the final triumph of a poor humbled soul. **Eve's Paradise**, by the same author (Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.), is founded on a curious idea of shutting a child up in a remote part of the country out of harm's way, so to speak. The child is an orphan and left to the care of Sir Jasper Martindale, a friend of her father's, and by making the mistake of trying to bring up his charge in this ideal and mistaken way, he nearly succeeds in making an idiotic wreck of her. By the timely interference of friends, she is saved from this fate, and her guardian is not punished for his blind obstinacy as he ought to be. **The Story of Sylvia**, by Hamilton Rowan (Ward, Lock, Bowden, & Co.), is not one we should recommend to our young girls, dealing as it does with a frivolous girl, who develops into a frivolous and heartless wife. It is altogether anything but a pleasant story, and points out no particular moral.

**Ermengarde: a Story of Romney Marsh in the Thirteenth Century**, by Mrs. Hadden Parkes (Elliot Stock), is well and brightly written. The author makes one thoroughly realize the people and scenes she so aptly describes. Ermengarde, the "Etoile" of the book, justifies her name. The illustrations are daintily executed. **Seven Christmas Eves**, is told in seven chapters by Clo. Graves, B. L. Farjeon, Florence Marryat, G. Manville Fenn, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Justin Huntly McCarthy, and Clement Scott. These clever authors have managed to make the story hang together in a capital way, and yet each chapter has its distinct style of writing.

**After School**, by Robert Overton (Jarrold & Sons), is a collection of school stories which are all more or less amusing, and are brightly written. It is well illustrated by Reinhold Thiele. In **Adventures of a Perambulator** (Routledge & Sons) Mrs. Adams-Acton tells the "true history" of her children's earliest years, and we can only say that the perambulator certainly went through more thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes than is the lot of most of them, and the five children it carried by turns were very fascinating little beings. The book is prettily illustrated by M. E. Edwards. **Lucia's Trust**, by Catherine Shaw (Shaw & Co.), is a little book setting forth the trials of an elder sister, and how much good religious training can do.

Amongst John F. Shaw & Co.'s books for children we note **Little Frolic**, with many verses, stories, and pictures. **Sunday Sunshine**, edited by Catherine Shaw, is a really good book for

Sunday reading for children of all ages. A delightful packet of texts for pricking or painting called "Something for Sunday, the Little One's Packet," must be a welcome present. *Our Darlings*, edited by Dr. Barnardo, is well described as "The Children's Treasury of Pictures and Stories." "The Happy Children's Holiday Picture Book" (Ward, Lock, & Bowden) is another attractive book for little ones. Walter Crane's *Absurd A B C* and *Baby's Own Alphabet* (Routledge & Sons) are real treasures, with their quaint original pictures, all in perfect taste.

Messrs. Dean & Son have many treasures for the little ones, amongst others *Baby's A B C Book*, with alphabets illustrating the different regiments in the army; another, various countries and towns; a third, nursery rhymes; and a fourth, birds, making the book instructive, and bright with its coloured pictures. *Golden Hours* and *Peeps into Paradise* are capital magazines for young children, with plenty of fun in them. *The Little Artist's Drawing and Painting Book* and *The Animal and Landscape Painting Book* combine instruction and amusement. *The Venetian Blind Movable Toy Book* is very clever; to quote the title-page:—

You'll find this book a treat,  
Whoever you may be,  
For very funny things, indeed,  
Within it you will see.

Then there are the *The Railway A B C*, *The Steam Boat A B C*, *The A B C of Animals*, *Well-known Wild Animals*, and *A Visit to the Zoo*, all good for teaching as well as amusing children; whilst for play-books, *Dolly's Party*, *The Modern Strewelpeter*, *Clown Land*, designed by Vernon E. Barrett, *Who Killed Cock Robin?* and the Special Christmas double part of Dean's Magazine, *The Little One's Own*, edited by Hope Drummond, are all good, and *Little Plays for Young Actors and Home Performance*, by Miss Corner and J. V. Barret, founded on old nursery tales, will be useful in affording our children amusement in the holidays. *Memoir of a Cat, by Herself*, letterpress by Lady Herbert, illustrations by the Baronne Agnès de Tuijll; *The Nine Lives of Mr. Thomas Puss-cat*, by R. H. Lawrence, illustrated by A. Hitchcock; and *Rose Morton: a Story for the Young*, by L. Drury, are attractively got-up little books. Some of the old favourite stories—*Tom Thumb*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Three Bears*, *Puss in Boots*, &c.—in the form of folding-screens, with the letterpress on one side and the pictures on the other, are novel; so are Dean's Cracker Toy-books.

The bound volume for the year of *Chums* (Cassell & Co.) is amongst the best magazines for boys. It contains some good stories by well-known authors, and papers on many interesting subjects, such as famous schools, cricket, football, athletics, photography, &c. There are many illustrations, which add to the attraction of the volume. *The Queen Almanack* is full of information and variety. It has many portraits of notable people, living and dead, fashions in needlework, furniture, and dress, and some capital cooking recipes, altogether making it a useful publication.

Some of Lett's Diaries published by Cassell are well worth noticing. The well-bound "Pocket Diary" No. 170 is a nice size, and the "Rough Diary or Scribbling Journal" is always useful.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. TAINÉ'S great work—by far the greatest in our very deliberate judgment that he ever did, and perhaps the only one of his learned and vivid writings to which the word "great" can be properly applied—remained, as all the world knows, unfinished at his death. He saw land, but he never reached it; his sheaves were all but completely reaped, but he never carried them home. Perhaps not the least interesting thing in the present book (1) is a preface, excellently written, but unsigned, which tells us what there was left to do, and ends with the boast (a just and solid one) that the book, after all, is finished as it is, that it "contient déjà toutes les idées" of the author. He had, we are told, shortened sail, in the wise Greek metaphor—had of late years somewhat contracted the vast sweep of his original plan. We cannot help regretting the "description of contemporary France," which he had at first intended and then given up. It would for certain have been the most brilliant thing of the kind since Macaulay's survey of England under the last Stuarts; and we think it would have been free from the faults of the English historian. For in this his last work M. Taine had learnt a great deal since he (whether entirely in earnest or not) explained the

large feet of the English by the softness of our meadows, and founded a whole economic on the word "governor." The two sections here given of the last stage of his actual work, "Church" and "School," sin very little in the way of temerarious generalization, and exhibit as of old the ant-like patience in gathering particulars, and the eagle glance which took them all in when gathered. To us, we confess, there are few things more curious than the transformation of the clever but priggish and slightly shallow Taine of thirty years ago, of the Voltairian, the Liberal, the everything else that is cheap and worthless, into a rational Tory, retaining nothing of his old ways but anxiety in seeking for evidence and perspicacity in grasping its meaning.

We are told by the preface-writer that the actual work would have been completed by studies of "l'Association" (Company, Society, Union, what you will) and "the Family," and there is no doubt that the dominating principle of these books would have been the same as that of the here printed "Church" and "School." This is, in fact, a protest against that centralization and State interference which have already paralysed France, and which our statistas are frantically endeavouring to introduce into England. Everybody will anticipate with ease what M. Taine's points are in the chapter on Education—his protest against the unifying and centralizing system that so does please our Aclands and our Trevellyans, and his plea for a more varied and independent scheme. But some may not be prepared (though we can truly say that it did not surprise us) for his pointing, at the very close of his book and in some of the last lines that he must have written, to that "Mene Tekel" of Educationalism, the *Jacques Vingtras* of Jules Vallès, as a moral and a warning. And we turn out Jacques Vingtras already in England by the hundred, and are priding ourselves in arrangements for turning them out by the thousand!

But the French Church is still a subject profoundly ignored in England; and, though M. Taine will tell the initiated nothing new, it may be trusted that he will tell the average Englishman (who does sometimes read him) something. The whole tendency of M. Taine's exposition is to show the way in which the Concordat and the Napoleonic policy between them both brought about the abolition of the ancient semi-independent position (like that still maintained, though sore encroached on, in England) of the parish priest and the cathedral and caputular dignity, and the substitution therefor of the absolute subjection of all the inferior clergy to the bishop, and the direct action on the bishop of the Pope on one side and the Government on the other. And he also shows how the effect of this, though in some ways apparently strengthening the Church, has been the gradual paganizing of the nation.

It should be added that the volume contains an elaborate index to the entire work.

We can only give here a brief notice—inadequate to their merits, but perhaps sufficient to call to them the attention of English historical students, which it will be seen they particularly deserve—to two volumes of diplomatic history, the first of the Marquis de Barral's *Dix ans de paix armée* (2) and the second of M. Wiesener's (3) work on the foreign policy of Dubois and his pupil Wiersener England. The latter, drawn especially from English sources, is probably the first exhaustive history of its subject. In the former M. de Barral gives or begins an account of the manner in which England, under Pitt's management, gradually rose, and France under management quite different, gradually sank from their relative positions at the end of the American war. This last volume has a wide purview, and busies itself with Europe, from Guelders to Oczakoff.

He who would continue Dumas is a bold man; but M. Paul Mahalin (4), whose exploits in the cape-and-sword line we have more than once praised, had more qualifications for doing it than most, and has done it very fairly in his dilogy (to be shortly completed), which itself hooks on to *Les quarante-cinq*. Chicot has not wholly forgotten his swashing blow either of sword or tongue, and that is saying something. As for *Cristal féfé* (5), it has the invariable pathos and promise, and the provoking incompleteness in performance, of its author. There never was anybody quite like M. Ricard in this combination.

(2) *Dix ans de paix armée entre la France et l'Angleterre, 1763-1793*. Par le Marquis de Barral-Montferat. Tome premier. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Le Régent, l'Abbé Dubois, et les Anglais*. Par Louis Wiesener. Tome deuxième. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Le roi de la tige; les barricades*. Par Paul Mahalin. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Cristal féfé*. Par J. Ricard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(1) *Les origines de la France contemporaine*. Par M. Taine. *Le régime moderne*. Tome II. Paris: Hachette.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FOR those in populous city pent there is something restorative in Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's attractive book on the Romany in many lands—*To Gipsyland* (Fisher Unwin)—and not a little that will leave the speculative person pondering somewhat, as to what has become of the true gipsy, and so forth. The main purpose of the adventure described in Mrs. Pennell's lively pages was the search for the real gipsy, which, in this instance, meant the ideal gipsy. Mrs. Pennell studied the Romany folk, or sojourned among them, in Pennsylvania and New York, in England and Wales, for many a year, before making the journey into Hungary and Roumania which is treated of in the present volume. And the upshot of all this strenuous endeavour is the confession that our travellers had not found the real gipsy they looked for. "It had been near home," writes Mrs. Pennell, "that our ideal had been most nearly realized"—which reminds us of the man who went forth to find the East, the real East of the *Arabian Nights*. Him Baghdad sickened with disillusion, and him the Tigris and lower Nile left lamenting, and he found not what he sought until he pushed his way westward through Africa to the wilds of Morocco. One member of the Cooper family in England, two or three examples in the States, and one other in Transylvania—an imposing old fiddler he shows, with a lordly air and superb presence, in Mr. Pennell's drawing—proved to be the only gipsies that brought any kind of conviction or satisfaction to artist or author. True there was satisfaction to the full in the wild and wandering life in the free air, in vintage-time, when the amber Riesling flowed, or by moonlight watching the Hungarian dance and listening to the magical strains of the Czárdás. Of these romantic and picturesque elements of their voyage Mr. and Mrs. Pennell render good account, indeed. But it is sad to think that "the bird in the air has been caged," and these Hungarian gipsies are domesticated, hired labourers, like ordinary peasants, despite their beauty and distinction. There is certainly no disillusion in the Romany types that are figured in Mr. Pennell's vivacious and brilliant drawings. Here, you would say, is the true Romany, who could not dig, nor make bricks, and would not beg for shame. They have the indescribable bearing that belongs to the race, and one and all appear as "lords of themselves." If English gipsies are nothing but wheedling beggars nowadays, as Mrs. Pennell describes them, they must have changed wondrously these last thirty years.

Mr. John Davidson—*A Random Itinerary* (Mathews & Lane)—is a sentimental voyager of another kind. His little book comprises notes and impressions of certain circular wanderings about London during the remarkable spring and summer of the present year. Mr. Davidson would take the six-mile radius as a spheric bound to his vagrant excursion, or boldly adventure into the Chiltern country, away from the hideous suburbs. His record is a singular blending of philosophizing and distinctly circumspect topography. He explored the Isle of Dogs, as a discoverer might, and visited Blackheath, which George Borrow described once for all. At Hackney Marsh he fell in with the ubiquitous American traveller, and marvelled that this "Yankee in a straw hat" should be there, "emitting information about London, with the ease and the certainty of a gazetteer." This person ought not to have disturbed Mr. Davidson. The travelling American, we have ever found, is worth more than two guide-books. The true Londoner will learn with surprise that ten years ago the Lea marshes were flooded, "and people from Clapham and Homerton, over the river there, took their breakfasts in boats one morning." It is a far cry, even with plenty of water and a boat, from Clapham to the Lea. Then Mr. Davidson notes the "fine old houses" on the south and east of Blackheath, whereas they lie on the west and north-west—Chesterfield House, Perceval House, and so forth—these historic old houses of Blackheath. On a journey to Epping Forest our wanderer observes the extraordinary abundance of caterpillars in spring, devouring oaks and hornbeams, just as other travellers have recorded. There were "myriads," he says, dropping with a sound like the patter of rain. In one of the dialogues of the "itinerant" with an imaginary "disputant," the latter is sceptical as to this matter, and they begin discussing Gilbert White. If they had read the *Natural History of Selborne* they might have identified the caterpillar, and left the "patter" a picturesque touch in the record. It was here also that Mr. Davidson "heard an odd thing the like of which he has not seen recorded." This was nothing more than the familiar, oft-noted failure of the cuckoo to finish his melodious call. Everybody who has studied birds, every writer on birds, has noted the fact, has heard the cuckoo utter his notes as if, like Macbeth's "Amen," they stuck in his throat. There is not a little of this unexpected "freshness" in

Mr. Davidson's pleasant little book; but what would they say north of the Tweed if some Englishman were to exploit the suburbs of Edinburgh in true Davidsonian style?

There is no kind of book more difficult to describe as a whole and with proper brevity of definition than a collection of reflections or apothegms such as Mr. Davidson's *Sentences and Paragraphs* (Lawrence & Bullen). Between the "thought" and its expression, between the truth and the sententiousness or plausibility of its statement, there is so much to perpend, to compare, to measure, before a final estimate is justifiable that a lengthy critical process is involved, which is often a tedious process in the end. Few of these ingenious literary forms of speech, be the author who he may, have received unquestioned acceptance at all hands. It is of their very nature that they should move the contentious spirit, if they move at all. Mr. Davidson is by no means at his best as a critic of life or literature when he would be tersest in style. His "Sentences" are either formal statements of the obvious, or like examples of the odd, or uncouth; as "Dignity is impudence," and "Angels' visits, however infrequent, are not as a rule ceremonious." As to the "Paragraphs," it is when Mr. Davidson permits himself ample verge and room enough—as in the expanded kind of paragraph on Nietzsche and Goethe, or in that on Carlyle—that he is most suggestive as a reflective writer.

Strange is the fascination that this sort of writing holds for some minds. Mr. William Armstrong Collins has collected his thoughts and reflections under the title *At Long and Short Range* (Lippincott Company). In the course of one of his meditative paragraphs, Mr. Collins quotes what he considers a "pregnant saying of Mr. Beecher," which runs thus:—"The true man builds in air." Printed alone, and numbered in a collection, this kind of writing impresses itself on some intellects as wisdom. Evidently, if this is a pregnant saying, it ought not to be hard to write a volume of pregnant sayings. Let us sample the specimens of Mr. Collins's reflective vein. At page 58 we read:—"The solemn way in which certain clocks announce the hours would make even Lamb break off in the middle of a pun." "Burke, Coleridge, and De Quincey excite a faint suspicion at times that fecundity can annoy as well as sterility" (p. 95). And here is a pregnant saying, indeed:—"Many a poor little ugly dog has secured lifelong food, shelter, and care by simply wagging his tail and giving a quick, glad bark when his master comes. A good deal might be said about this, but we forbear." The wisdom of the forbearance leads us to do likewise.

Mr. Richard Inwards offers a curious and extensive "collection of proverbs, sayings, and rules concerning the weather," under the title *Weather Lore* (Elliot Stock), which, by the way, is a new edition, we believe, not a new book, though the title-page tells it not. But the book is worth studying, despite the old Cornish proverb about those who are weatherwise being rarely otherwise, and the yet older saying of the Preacher of those who observe the sky. We note some few quotations that are foreign to the purpose of the book. Tennyson's "Black as ash buds in the front of March" has no connexion with weather lore. And if Mr. Inwards would cite modern poets he might have given Shelley's description of the nimbus cloud, "the hair of some fierce Manad," and "the locks of the approaching storm," as far finer and truer than anything he has collected on the rain-cloud (p. 98).

In a *North-Country Village*, by M. E. Francis (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), comprises some deftly-drawn and cheery sketches of rural life in what must be described as a well-contented land. There is certainly nothing of depression in the agricultural world portrayed so cleverly and brightly in this volume.

The Clarendon Press, having acquired due leave from the holders of the English copyright of Mr. Longfellow's *Poems*, has issued a new and complete edition thereof, which appears in three forms, and does justice to the works of a poet who wrote perfect English, and who, if volume and merit be taken together, stands at the head of the poets of America, with a great gap below him. In one shape the text, admirably printed in good-sized type, fills a volume of nearly 900 crown 8vo. pages, but of no great thickness; in another (the well-known India paper of this Press being called into requisition) the no great thickness becomes very extraordinary thinness, and the volume is neatly cased as well as bound; while in yet a third the poems form several miniature volumes, which are enclosed in a box. We can only propose one improvement—that the exquisite dedication to *Ultima Thule*, one of the poet's latest, but not one of his least, pieces, and an admirable summary of his work, might have been repeated on the reverse of the title-page as a commendatory verse to the whole. And now let the Clarendon Press give us a companion volume of Mr. Longfellow's almost equally charming prose.

In his short stories, *The Haunted Station*, &c. (White & Co.)

Mr. Hume Nisbet's wonder-raising pen hovers between grim and supernatural themes and the mechanism of the modern Spiritualist. The strongest and most effective of these stories are those that tell of Australian experiences. These may justly be termed "weird." Such are "The Haunted Station" and "A Queensland Iliad," and a sketch entitled "A Face at the Window."

The late Mr. Sidney's well-known treatise, *The Book of the Horse* (Cassell & Co.), is one of those works that have stood the test of time, and gained such general approval since it first appeared, some seventeen years since, that there is no need to say anything of its scope and treatment. In the new edition, revised by Messrs. James Sinclair and W. C. A. Blew, the work of Mr. Sidney is continued to the present day, "without unnecessarily disturbing the book as it left the hands of its author." Since 1874 not less than ten different Societies, we are told, have been established in Great Britain alone for registering pedigrees, &c., and the breeding of horses in the country has grown rapidly, and developed in many ways. The editors have attempted to do justice to these matters, and bring the work as a whole "up to date." They have performed their task, both as to revision and fresh contributions, exceedingly well. We must note, also, Dr. George Fleming's chapters on veterinary science; and the numerous illustrations, some of which comprise new and excellent "collo-type" portraits of typical horses.

Among other new editions we have received Herman Melville's *Typee* and *Omoo* (John Murray), with illustrations; Miss Jane Barlow's *Bog-land Studies* (Hodder & Stoughton); and a new illustrated edition of Mr. Samuel Laycock's poems, *Warblin's fro' an Oud Songster* (Oldham: Clegg; London: Simpkin & Co.), with a prefatory sketch of the Lancashire poet by Mr. W. Trevor.

We have also received *Diamonds and Gold in South Africa*, by Theodore Reunert (Stanford), with maps and illustrations; *The Corrupt and Illegal Practices Prevention Act, 1883*, annotated and explained by H. C. Richards (Jordan & Sons); *The Mark in Europe and America*, by Enoch A. Bryan (Boston: Ginn & Co.), a review of the discussion on early land tenure; *The Old Testament and its Contents*, by Professor Robertson (A. & C. Black), "Guild and Bible Class Text-Books"; *An Astronomical Glossary*, by J. E. Gore, F.R.A.S. (Crosby Lockwood & Son); *Fire Discipline: its Foundation and Application*, by Lieut. Stewart Murray (Gale & Polden); *The Attack Drill made Easy*, in accordance with the newly revised Infantry Drill, by William Gordon (Gale & Polden), ninth edition, edited, revised, and illustrated; and *The Elements of German*, by Tr. H. Weisse (Williams & Norgate).

Mr. R. B. Johnson, the editor of the *Aldine Butler* (Bell & Sons), writes to suggest that a phrase in our notice of that book (under the head of "Books in Sixteenth and Seventeenth Century Literature"), last week, hardly did justice to the extent of his additions to, and improvements on, Mitford. Our words were certainly not intended to minimize Mr. Johnson's work in any respect, and we gladly append to them the details that he has largely added to and altered the divisions, as well as (to a still greater degree) enlarging the bulk of Mitford's "Appendix" in his own "Prolegomena." We were led to think the alterations somewhat smaller than they are partly by remembrance of matter given by Mitford which reappears here, and partly by Mr. Johnson's own description of his book as a "Revision" of that editor's, without any definite indication of what had been retained, what discarded, and what added. Such indication is, we think, always desirable in cases where actual comparison is not always possible, and still less often convenient.

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